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WILLIAM D. BOYCE.

UNITED STATES
DEPENDENCIES

Cuba, Dominican Republic, Haiti, Panama Republic

ILLUSTRATED

By

WILLIAM D. BOYCE

PUBLISHER OF "THE SATURDAY BLADE," "CHICAGO LEDGER," "THE FARMING BUSINESS," AND THE "INDIANA DAILY TIMES."

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INTRODUCTION

As a people, for the Government of the United States consists of the sum total of its citizens, we have undertaken to do certain very large things for certain of our neighbor countries; namely, see that they do not indulge destructively in internal strife, in some cases see that they pay their national monetary obligations, and in all instances protect them against external attack. The countries in whose interests we have assumed voluntarily or by written treaty this generous and unusual task are Cuba, the Panama Republic, the Dominican Republic and Haiti. Being all involved in this task and its consequences, it is my opinion that we should thoroughly inform ourselves about these countries and their people.

If you had undertaken to insure the peace and prosperity of several of your neighbors, surely you would want to know the habits and character of these neighbors, and how numerous were their offspring. Similarly, I believe that North Americans ought to know fully about these outlying countries over which we are exercising guardianship. In the hope of widening information relative to them I am publishing this book.

All of these countries are tropical, and largely inhabited by people of Spanish blood, Indians and negroes, or some fusion of the blood of these several strains. This fact adds to the difficulties and dangers of our task. These people, however, are somewhat more advanced than the general population of the Philippine Islands, where we have been successful up to the present by taking hold of the problem with direct control, and where, in my opinion, we should remain

Cuba, the largest of our dependencies, a country about the size of the great State of Pennsylvania and containing 2,300,000 people, has present independence as a gift from us. At any time, should they involve themselves or us in serious difficulties, they will almost automatically become a part of the United States. It is my personal belief that they would be better off

under the Stars and Stripes, and that ultimately, since they have an increasing population of 670,000 blacks endowed with the franchise, they will, for safety's sake, have to become part of the great, stable United States.

Haiti, the Black Republic, with its 6,528,000 productive acres and 2,500,000 people, mostly negroes, is, and has been for years, a scene of almost continuous turbulence. It is a signal example of a fourth-rate class of people attempting the extremely trying task of self-government. Long before this, had the United States not interfered to protect it and straighten out its troubles, some European power would have seized it and exploited it as a colony. Possibly it is wiser for us to indirectly govern it and shoulder its responsibilities than to actually take it over, but I doubt it.

As for the Dominican Republic, another foster-child of ours, which occupies nearly two-thirds of the island of Haiti, we have gone so far as to put United States officials in charge of its custom collections, in order to prevent European powers from seizing it for debts. It is a rich piece of soil over 18,000 square miles in area, inhabited by some 600,000 Creoles and Europeans mixed with Indian and negro strains of blood, and its chronic state is insurrection. As with Haiti, unquestionably these people would make greater progress and live happier lives if actually under our government and guidance.

In the case of the Panama Republic, we have hopes that their experiment in self-government may prove successful. We have guaranteed them independence and peace, and with our protection and the civilizing influence of the great Canal in their midst, they should succeed. We wish them well.

The pages that follow are a part of my larger work, *United States Colonies and Dependencies*, the matter of which first ran as Travel Stories in *The Saturday Blade*, one of our four publications. Obtaining the photographs and material for the work took me on an 8,000 mile journey to Alaska, on trips to the Panama Canal Zone and the West Indies and on a journey around the world. If the result is a clearer understanding of our national duties and problems, I shall be satisfied.

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CUBA

Area, 44,164 square miles, about the size of the State of Pennsylvania—Population, 1913, 2,382,990; of this number 671,477 are blacks—Chief resources, tobacco, sugar, coffee, cacao, tropical fruits, asphalt, copper, iron, timber, cattle, vegetables—Total imports, 1913, $118,937,000; exports, $146,676,000; imports from the United States, $70,581,154; exports to the United States, $126,088,173—Miles of railway, about 2,075; miles of telegraph line, 5,065—Total debt, 1914, $67,620,000—Rural Guards, 5,298 men; regular army, 11,105—Navy, 2 cruisers, 13 revenue cutters and steam launches—Capital, Havana, population, 324,146—President, General Mario G. Menocal.

CHAPTER I.

HAVANA AND CIGARS.

IT WAS five o'clock in the morning. A great red sun in a bank of fog marked the entrance to Havana harbor. Morro's light flashed over the waters. We passed under grim gray forts. Bastion and cannon! Bloodshed and clanking chain! Our old idea of Cuba!

"Great Scott, but this city's changed!" sighed the loquacious New York tobacco buyer, as he leaned over the rail. "Why, when I first sailed past Cabañas' guns, twenty years ago, this place was as Spanish as a castanet. Look at the Malecón tonight—you'll think you're in Atlantic City!"

That first day I did not think Cuba's famed capital especially attractive. I thought the harbor small, the town flat, the streets clean, but not picturesque. The place lacks the situation and the individuality of Caracas, Lima and Rio de Janeiro.

It is when night falls that the city charms. Now she is vivacious, sparkling. Rich and poor, young and old come into the parks to play. Dark-eyed beauties throng the boulevards. Music and laughter and the clink of glasses sound far into the

MORRO CASTLE, HAVANA, AS SEEN FROM CENTRAL PARK.

night. Like a lily of the tropics, La Habana blooms under the stars.

Next morning Monch, the tobacco buyer, offered to serve as guide. He hailed one of the coaches which swarmed about us and just then a courteous policeman handed him a card bearing the number of the coach and the telephone number of the chief of police—a municipal precaution against cab driver extortion.

"There's certain things here you'll have to see," said Monch, "before we go down to the real show in Vuelta Abajo—the place which put Havana on the map. Suppose you may as well check off the old castles first." So we drove to La Fuerza. I quote my guide:

"Hernando de Soto built this old fort way back in the sixteenth century. When he went West to discover the Mississippi, he left his bride, Lady Isabel, behind. They say she hung over that rail for four years waiting his return. And he in a watery grave!"

We crossed the bay to Morro Castle, which stands on guard where the harbor gate meets the sea.

SOLDIERS MARCHING INTO OLD HAVANA FORTRESS, LA FUERZA, BUILT IN 1538.

THE ENTRANCE TO CABANAS FORTRESS, HAVANA.

Again the guide: "Here, one hundred and fifty years ago, Velasco, the Brave, refused to surrender to the British and died a hero. Spain said that a ship in her navy should always bear his name. Dewey, you know, sank a gallant *Velasco* off Manila."

We went on to Cabañas which stretches the entire length of the hill opposite Havana.

"See the bullet marks up there on the wall? They call that 'the dead line.' It's where the Cubans were lined up and shot by the Spaniards."

When Morro Castle was completed, three hundred years ago, Spain's King, so the story goes, stood on top of his castle in Madrid and was looking westward with his long-distance field glass. A bishop approached and asked the King what he was trying to see.

The King replied, "We are dedicating Morro Castle, in Havana."

CATHEDRAL AT HAVANA, IN WHICH THE BONES OF COLUMBUS REPOSED UNTIL TAKEN TO SPAIN AT CLOSE OF SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

"But, oh, King," the bishop remarked, "Havana is three thousand miles away! You can't see so far!"

"Well," said the King, "I ought to be able to see Morro Castle, anyhow, for it cost sixty million dollars!"

I had had about enough of forts and suggested churches.

"There are not any very interesting ones," said the man who knew the town. "There's the cathedral. You can look at a niche in the wall where the bones of Christopher Columbus used to rest. At least the Cubans say they were his bones. Down in Santo Domingo they say they were his son's. Anyway, they are not there any longer—were carried off to Spain when we took Cuba."

We drove through Central Park, the pulsing heart of Havana, with its statue of José Marti, the Liberator, along the magnificent Prado with its double drive flanked by attractive homes; down Obispo and up O'Reilly, narrow canvas-covered lanes, the main business thoroughfares. Here the shops are a woman's paradise—Spanish laces; French embroideries; Mexi-

ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLETE, HAVANA, A CHAPEL MARKING THE SITE OF THE FIRST MASS CELEBRATED IN HAVANA.

can drawn-work; Italian corals; Irish linen—a cosmopolitan exhibit, provincially displayed.

I was surprised to find so many pure-blooded Spaniards among the merchants. They also do most of the banking, although there are some Canadian and American banks. One of the time-honored customs of the Spanish merchant is to eat his meals in his store. If you pass along the street at breakfast time, eleven o'clock, and look into the shops, you will see business suspended, the table spread in the middle of the room and proprietor and clerks sitting down to their meal in the midst of their goods. They are good business men, and in commerce lies Spain's reconquest of Cuba.

2 STATUE OF JOSE MARTI, THE LIBERATOR, HAVANA.

LOOKING DOWN THE PRADO, HAVANA.

It is safer to drive than to walk through the narrow streets in the old part of the town. There are five thousand victorias in the city; besides automobiles, taxicabs and the native *guaguas* (omnibuses) and with electric cars scraping the curbs, the pedestrian has to be careful.

And here arises the delicate question of the "right of way." There is no rule of keeping to the right, as in the United States. When two Cuban women meet, color of skin and glory of raiment determine the inner path—the one next the wall, where rain from the eaves doesn't splash. At the turn of a corner, I saw a very fat woman in pink standing midway of the walk, glaring at an equally fat woman in blue. Number Two won—her hair was straighter. Of course the ladies of the upper class drive. Cuba has long been noted for the beauty of her women. They are seen at their best on the fashionable promenade, the Malecón, in the winter season, when the capital is crowded with American tourists.

The rich tourist pays more for a steak at the Miramar than he does for the same cut at the best hotel in New York. But he gets a fine climate and fine touring roads for his money. If he is a sport he can attend the cock fight, play poker and even take a chance at faro and roulette—on the sly. Havana is almost the size of Washington, with 325,000 inhabitants, and one-third of them are negroes, exactly the same proportion as in our capital. The color line is not drawn so narrowly as in the United States, and many who are "slightly tinted" are passed for white.

Although two years ago we read of a negro uprising in Cuba, we little understand the serious proportions it assumed. At many places American marines were landed, but the Government was unable to cope with the situation. The outbreak was the manifestation of the negroes for a national political party. Even Havana had its perilous hours. The negro population is so commingled with the whites that one did not know whether to trust his own servant. The hot-headed whites announced that on a certain Saturday afternoon and Sunday no negro should cross Central Park, in the heart of the city. Fortunately it rained as it had seldom rained before, and this was all that saved Havana from a disgraceful race riot.

A CUBAN NEGRESS.

In June, 1914, the negroes in Oriente Province formed a political party, calling themselves *Amigos del Pueblo* (Friends of the People). The principal movers behind the organization are Lacoste and Surin, two of the Lieutenants under Generals Estenoz and Yvonet, leaders

of the race uprising two years ago. The Generals were killed, but the lives of the Lieutenants were spared.

The object of this negro party is to compel the whites to hand over more of the political offices of the country and the members even acknowledge such "high-minded motives" in their literature. They say that they did most of the fighting during the revolution and are entitled to a large per cent of the offices.

The Cubans have forgiven Spain for shooting their patriots, but they can never forgive the United States for abolishing the bull fight, cock fight and lottery. The two latter "indus-

A BASEBALL TEAM, HAVANA.

tries" were resumed when the Cuban flag broke to the breeze, but they were too afraid of a third intervention to reinstate the bull fight. The high gambling game of *jai-alai*, which formerly operated a percentage concession with the Government, is still under the ban.

This is purely a Spanish game originating in the Basque provinces, but bearing a resemblance to our handball. The professional players came from Spain and it was Cuba's most popular game of chance.

The plan to make Havana the Monte Carlo of America

received a surprising setback when, on December 31, 1912, President Gomez issued an order that the anti-gambling laws should be enforced. There was consternation in the great "Winter Playground," and in the way of gambling it has not been so lively since, which, however much certain Cubans may grumble, is not a misfortune.

There is one Northerner who never sees Cuba—Jack Frost—but by way of Palm Beach and the "ocean-going ferries" from Key West comes the American millionaire, bringing along his touring car, which is wisely admitted free of duty. The Cubans receive him kindly and proceed to absorb his loose change. He is dubbed locally, *Pato de Florida* (Florida duck), and being naturally a "good spender" has earned the honor of

SCENE IN THE PLAZA, HAVANA.

BALLROOM OF CLERKS' CLUB, HAVANA.

a poem in a Havana English paper—the first stanza running:

> Oh, the Florida Duck is a festive bird;
> The famous goose of whom ye've heard,
> That laid gold eggs, was a piker jay
> Compared to the subject of this here lay.

The Country Club of Havana, having completed an eighteen-hole golf course, is naturally very popular with the "ducks."

Probably the most interesting feature of Havana is its clubs. They are the largest social organizations in the world. The Asturian and the Clerks' Club have each over 30,000 names on their rolls and the Gallego follows with 24,000. Including the membership in the many smaller clubs, it is estimated that fully one-third of the population are within these organizations. As two-thirds of the people must be women and children, it is

STATUE OF COLUMBUS AT THE PALACE, HAVANA.

apparent that almost every man in Havana is a "clubman." Then, too, the most beautiful building in the capital today is the Clerks' Club. It occupies a whole square and cost $1,000,000. Its magnificent ballroom holds 3,000 couples at carnival time; its dining-room has 200 tables; and its billiard-room is the largest on earth. This club is unique, for while the dues are but $1.50 a month, each member has the privilege of the gymnasium, baths and instruction classes; the right to send his children to the club's kindergarten, private, grammar and high schools, and his wife to the department for expert instruction in sewing, cooking and domestic science. The club has its own surgeons, oculists and dentists; its own tubercular hospital and a private sanatorium for the insane. All this is covered by the $1.50 a month! I believe they have to pay for the gold used by the dentist and the glasses prescribed by the oculist. Cubans have learned much from the Americans, but this coöperative club work is one of the things Americans might study with profit.

One evening I joined a group of compatriots at a *café*. It was midnight and miles of such places, open to the street and ablaze with light, had begun to fill up. I noticed that half the Cubans who crowded the place were taking either coffee or chocolate; the other half were having their one glass of rum and water, or a bottle of red wine. And that was the end of it. They seemed welcome to sit as long as they pleased over the one glass. No scurrying waiter to insist on another order. Drunkenness is not one of the sins to be charged to the account of the Cuban. The hard drinking is given over to the foreigner. They tell of one American, who, during a birthday celebration, staggered to his feet as a *café* orchestra struck up "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Noticing that the Cubans remained seated, he waved his arms and roared, "Stand up! you blamed Spickadees, an' salute the tune that made yer free!"

However, my American friends were fairly temperate, and as some of them had lived many years in the country, I heard much that was of interest. They agreed that Havana had

become sufficiently Americanized to be pleasantly hospitable to Americans. This they credited to the "intervention" which had introduced sidewalks, abolished mosquitoes, popularized rubber tires, built electric railways, introduced the sewerage system, and generally made Havana more beautiful to the eye and nonoffensive to the nose. While still retaining its Spanish character and Cuban peculiarities, the city shows

SOME PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF HAVANA. TOP, PLAZA HOTEL; LEFT, STOCK EXCHANGE; RIGHT, PRODUCE EXCHANGE; BOTTOM, NEW POSTOFFICE.

VIEW OF THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA.

many effects of the "Northern invasion." The Cuban belles even have given up the use of pulverized egg shells for face powder in favor of talcum. The world progresses even in Cuba, you see.

Cuba's once fever-stricken capital now wins the record for low death rate among the cities of the world. But while they "die low," they certainly "live high." Last year the Government spent $38,000,000, or $15 for every man, woman and child under the flag, reckoning on a basis of a population of nearly 2,500,000. Our "billion-dollar Congress" cost us just $10 per capita, and the reformers cried "Fire!" Another record: Every Cuban pays $10 annually in customs duties. We pay $3.50 per capita and propose that it shall be less.

One-third of the Government expenditure last year was charged under the head of administration, for Cuba has a bumper crop of officeholders—professional politicians. Still they are not a contented lot, for their "fly in the ointment" is the knowledge that the "outs" are continually scheming to oust them.

Cuba elected a new President in 1913, and symptoms that an uprising would follow the ballot count soon disap-

DRAWING-ROOM IN THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA.

peared. General Menocal was defeated at the polls in a former attempt to fill the executive chair. He is a wealthy business man, and fits well the specification for "a good manager." He promised Cuba just what Cuba needed: curtailment of lavish expenditure, elimination of graft, reduction of tariff and all to the same end—making living cheaper and better—a wise and equable distribution of the burdens of taxation. He drew $50,000 a year for managing the interests of the Sugar Trust in Cuba. The Presidency pays but $30,000.

The calm following the election astonished the world. "Have the Cubans learned to be good losers?" was generally asked. It seems so. Perhaps the transplanting to Cuba of our baseball game has been a factor in bringing about this happy result. Our national game thrives on Cuban soil. It is played in every hamlet. Cubans take naturally to the sport and have become experts. They have even learned to abuse the umpire. I observed many evidences of progress in Cuba.

As the very name of Cuba's capital means to the world a good cigar, I investigated the industry and found that there

A REVIEW OF TROOPS AT THE PALACE, HAVANA.

GATEWAY TO COLON CEMETERY, HAVANA.

THE "LAUREL DITCH," HAVANA, WHERE CONDEMNED MEN WERE SHOT.

are five grades of tobacco grown in the country; the strong heavy leaf in the east, growing better in the center of the island and reaching the climax in the famous Vuelta Abajo section in the extreme west.

I motored out to the west from Havana and found the roads as good as the climate—"Meester Magoon's roads" they are called by the Cubans. While all tobacco grown to the west of Havana is exported as Vuelta Abajo, the real "Vuelta" comes from a very small section in the heart of Pinar del Rio. This is one of the three most valuable tracts of land on the face of the globe. The other two places are that portion of the Rhine Valley where a special wine-making grape is grown; and the Kimberley diamond district. What is the magic of this priceless tobacco ground? To the eye, absolutely nothing—dusty red loam on rather thin rocky hillsides. The ground is

THE MANNER IN WHICH TOBACCO IS GROWN UNDER CHEESE-CLOTH IN CUBA.

fertilized with hay and the plants protected from the sun by cheesecloth. Still, neither science nor experience can tell just what makes Vuelta Abajo tobacco the acme of luxury.

Anyway, if there is one thing the western Cuban does know, it is how to grow tobacco. With some of them, even the field hands, tobacco culture has been the business of the families for generations. These men insist that the plants must be

EDUCATION AND ENTERTAINMENT. A READER AT WORK IN A TOBACCO FACTORY, HAVANA.

watered by hand and with no vessel but an oil can. This may be the great secret. After the leaves are gathered they are hung up to dry until the color changes from green to chestnut. Then follows the sweating and fermenting processes. When finally cured, the leaves are baled and sent to the factories. The majority of these large establishments are located in Havana. They are enormous structures divided into roomy halls. In these halls the *cigareros* sit back to back on long rows of double benches, the regulations not permitting them to face.

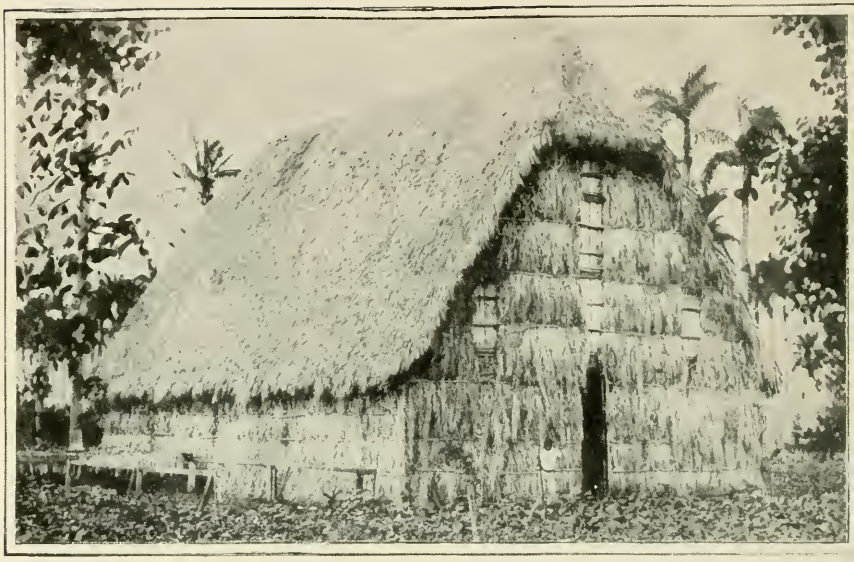
TRANSPORTING TOBACCO TO A CURING BARN ON A CUBAN PLANTATION.

Machinery of any description is spurned, and they rely solely on the deftness of their fingers. The best cigars go to the Czar of Russia, and sell for $7.50 each—ten cents a puff.

A unique feature of the factories is the presence of a "reader" mounted on a high platform, who solaces weary hours by reading aloud from a collection of daily papers and magazines, selected by a committee.

I learned that Cuba exported over $45,000,000 worth of cigars and tobacco last year, placing this industry second only to the sugar. While he exported 180,000,000 cigars, the Cuban smoked exactly the same number. With true Latin politeness, before lighting his own cigar he gave one to the "stranger without." Over $17,000,000 in leaf tobacco was exported, certainly enough to flavor a few billion more "smokes." But when it comes to cigarettes, Cuba's home consumption just shifts the decimal point over so far that it really

3 A TOBACCO FARMER'S HOME, WESTERN CUBA.



A TOBACCO-CURING BARN, CUBA.

becomes nervous. According to official figures, every man, woman and child in Cuba smokes nine boxes of cigarettes each month and consumes three boxes of matches in lighting them. Now who can deny that the production of smoke is Cuba's chief industry?

CHAPTER II.

SPONGES AND THE ISLE OF PINES.

"WHAT are you going to do for the next few days?" asked a companionable American whom I met in Havana. "Come along with me over to the Isle of Pines and I'll show you a real Treasure Island—an old pirate stronghold."

This caught my fancy. "Pirates" and "Treasure" are magic words to the average American. When my friend offered a glimpse of the sponge industry as an added attraction, I asked how soon we could start.

We could go by rail next day, he said, thirty miles to Batabanó on the south coast, but the train "made" all the watering tanks. Recalling the splendid roads in Pinar del Rio, I suggested that we motor down, and to this he agreed.

The chauffeur with the forty-horsepower French car asked $15 for the journey, throwing in by way of a bait: "There's no speed limit, you know, on the country roads." As he paid forty-five cents a gallon for gasoline, we considered the fee reasonable.

Out the wide Malecón we whirled, at considerably over the twelve-mile-an-hour city limit, receiving nothing more than a salute from the cycle policeman. On through Vedado, Havana's aristocratic suburb, with its long avenue of attractive homes set in luxurious gardens. Here the majority of the American colony reside. A fine road runs all the way to the south shore, now level, now broken by hills, but seldom ascending a grade heavier than five per cent. It passes between thick clusters of Royal palms, those "feather dusters of the gods," native to Cuba. It was a Cuban palm, transplanted to Brazil in 1812, which became the mother of those wonderful

specimens that have made the Botanical Gardens of Rio de Janeiro famous. As I looked at them in Cuba they brought back memories of some of my most pleasant days in Brazil.

The Cuban Government roads are nothing less than magnificent boulevards, wide, well crowned, without sharp curves, finished with macadam. We built many of them during the intervention and now the Cubans are keeping up the good work. We have built good roads *first* in our colonies and dependencies. We should get busy at home.

A pinkish-reddish coloring is distinctive of western Cuba. The earth, the great carts drawn by oxen, the canvas covering

ONE OF MANY PALM-LINED COUNTRY ROADS IN CUBA.

OXEN YOKED BY THE HORNS IN SPANISH FASHION.

the carts, the oxen themselves, the garments of the people at work in the tobacco and pineapple fields—all blend into this terra-cotta tone. And in sharp contrast—waving green palms; the Royal poinciana in flaring bloom; rainbow-tinted houses, gayly caparisoned mules; song birds of gaudy plumage—a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

We skirted great sugar plantations; then little patches of garden truck, carefully tended for the Havana market. I never realized before how much the Cuban depends on the outside world for foodstuffs. He bends every effort to raise record crops of sugar and tobacco and allows us to sell him shiploads of eggs and even canned vegetables.

At one village, we stopped to look up "the store," as I had lost my cap in our mad flight. The clerk offered me his latest importation from the U. S. A.—a black woolen cap, lined with flannel and equipped with ear muffs, just the thing for the tropics! Who says we Yankees are not out for the Latin-American trade!

I paid for my new headgear in Spanish silver, the only money accepted in the rural districts, although my American coin had been taken "without reluctance" in the capital. My traveling companion told me that during years spent in Cuba he had often carried five purses in his pocket at one time—one dedicated to American silver; a second to American gold and paper; a third to Spanish coin; a fourth to Spanish silver; a fifth to French gold. Here is a chance for an American manufacturer to send out a portable, cosmopolitan cash register.

Batabanó, a sleepy, canal-fretted town inhabited by sponge fishermen, is near the site of the first settlement of Havana in 1515, but the city was soon afterward moved across the island to its more favorable and healthful location. We kept on to the port of Surgidero, three miles distant, to learn all we could about "sponging." I had heard that the water off shore at this point is milk-white and that Columbus, putting in to cork a boat or kidnap an Indian, considered it such a curiosity that he filled a bottle, as part of his exhibit for King Ferdinand.

That opalescent sea has changed to crystal. Today the waters are noted for their clearness and from among the twilight depths of sunken coral reefs the sponges are taken.

They are gathered in a most primitive fashion. Just "get the hook," two men in a boat, one the sculler, the other the hooker, the latter assigned the work of detecting and catching the sponges. Over the side of the boat he leans, peering into the depths through his water telescope. The "sponge glass" is a bucket with a glass bottom used for dispelling reflection. The glass base is placed below the surface of the water and the hooker wears a wide-brimmed straw hat which cuts off a large proportion of direct light when his head is thrust into the bucket. Through the glass the bottom can be seen to the depth of fifty feet, and when a sponge is sighted the operator signals the sculler to maneuver the boat into position, and strikes with his long hooked pole.

SCENES FROM THE SPONGE INDUSTRY AT BATABANO, CUBA.

When brought to the surface, the sponge is black and slimy. The laden boat is taken to a water pen—shallow water bordered by stakes—and the flowing tide gives the sponges a thorough washing. This requires about a week, when they are taken out, well squeezed and the living matter beaten out with sticks. The sponge of commerce is merely a skeleton, the supporting framework which once gave strength and form to the gelatinous tissues of the living creature.

After drying, the sponges are again washed and sorted according to variety. And now comes the most interesting performance. The various buyers gather to inspect the exhibit, writing a separate bid for each pile. An official, appointed by the spongers, collects the bids and reads them off, awarding the lot to the highest bidder. The purchasers now forward their goods to packing warehouses where they are again cleaned and clipped into salable shape. The trimmed sponges are sorted for size and quality, pressed into bales, covered with burlap, and sent on their way to the near and far places of the earth.

The American sponge fisheries are confined to the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and contribute more than two-thirds of the world's supply by weight, although the Mediterranean product leads in value, because of quality.

An intelligent Cuban buyer in Batabanó told me that 1,500 men in the town are engaged in sponge fishing and 500 more in trimming and marketing. He said that some of the fishermen dive for sponges, but that the sharks make this method dangerous. Over in Florida they wear a regular diving suit, but the "Spongers' Union" of Batabanó will not permit its use as it tends to exterminate the sponge. The man was something of a mathematician, and had figured out that Batabanó's annual output, worth half a million dollars gold, could absorb over two million gallons of water.

I boarded the little steamer *Cristobal Colon* on one of her tri-weekly trips to the Isle of Pines, sixty miles due south—a ferry-like voyage over a shallow sea. I made the acquaintance of a much-traveled Cuban who had lived in the United

States and spoke English fluently. He referred with great pride to the fact that his countrymen had just raised a fund to buy a home for Capablanca, the famous Cuban chess champion, and seemed disappointed that I had not heard much of the gentleman; or of Cuba's great long distance runner—I think the name is Carvajal—who ran "second to Dorando at Rome" —or of Ramon Fonts, whom he termed "the world's amateur champion fencer." However, I rose in his estimation when I mentioned having once seen the great Cuban, Alfredo de Oro, who for years has been the world's pool champion.

We sailed at seven in the evening, scheduled to reach the Isle of Pines early next day. It was a perfect night. The constellations glistened like diamonds in the clear tropic sky and a cool breeze fanned us as we glided over a calm, moonlit sea. I turned in reluctantly to find a comfortable cabin, even equipped with running water.

Nueva Gerona, our morning port, still retains its Spanish aspect. There is no sign from the sea of the hustling American invasion. So this was Treasure Island—the very isle from which the most ferocious of that pack of sea wolves of the seventeenth century sallied forth to attack the lumbering Spanish galleons laden with Incan gold, the loot of Peru! They left a heritage of buried treasure tales, but there is no authoritative report of unearthed riches. Not the buried wealth of pirates, but sturdy American enterprise is making a paradise of this little isle today, proving that the real treasure lies in the fertility of the soil.

How came our fellow countrymen here? "Once upon a time," about twelve years ago, a timber hunter was attracted over from Cuba by rumors of vast mahogany and cedar forests. In crossing the island he sensed the possibilities of its broad valleys and bought 17,500 acres for $200, then associated other Americans with him and turned the island into a modern real-estate scheme.

After the Spanish-American War, President McKinley and Secretary Hay believed the island to be American territory, and so did the settlers who flocked in. Then came the opinion

H. A. CHRISTY'S ESTATE, ISLE OF PINES.

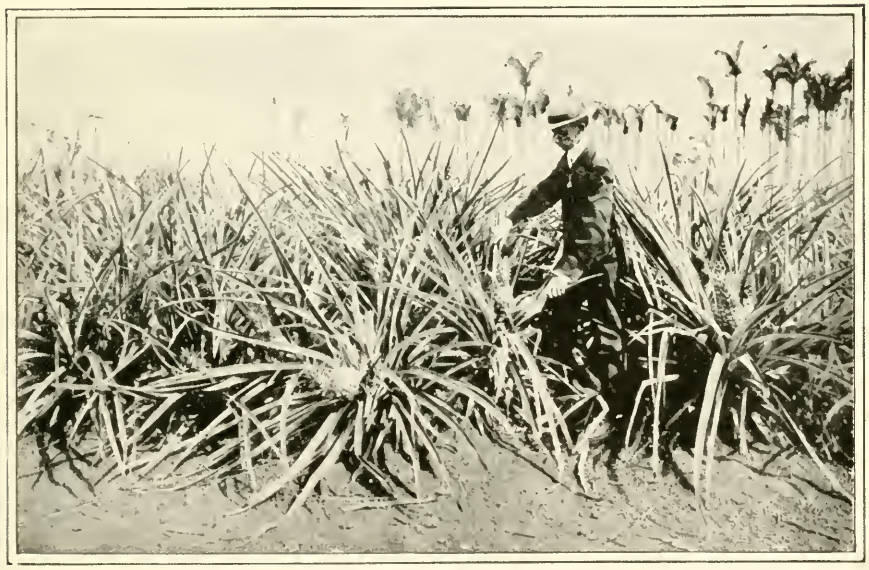
of President Roosevelt and Secretary Root that the lesser island belonged to Cuba. The Platt amendment declared the question of title open for adjustment and the matter was later arranged by treaty, giving Cuba title to the island in exchange for Cuban sites for United States naval stations. But this has not yet been affirmed by the United States Senate. And so, while the flag of Cuba flies over the public buildings, the Stars and Stripes decorate the roof-tree of ninety-five per cent of all the property holders who have converted wide grazing lands into rich citrus orchards, after years of patience and toil.

The 3,000 Americans on the island come from all parts of the States—many of them are from western New York, Ohio, Michigan and Wisconsin. As in other pioneer colonies, they have brought along the church, school and printing press. During the intervention, $150,000 was spent in building one hundred miles of highway, and today there are over one hundred automobiles in commission.

There are 6,000 acres of citrus fruit under cultivation. I have never tasted more delicious oranges, and the grapefruit

is in a class by itself. It is the market price of grapefruit which determines the real prosperity of the settlement. Here there are half a million pineapple plants, the pineapple, by the way, being indigenous to the Americas. A pineapple weighing fifteen pounds is not a curiosity in this region, and none is shipped weighing less than seven pounds, bringing $1 and $1.50 each in our market. The Piñeros ship all they can and "what they can't they can," at least they plan to erect a cannery very soon.

The name "Isle of Pines" was not derived from the pineapple, however. It is the "Isle of Pine Tree," for here the stately pine grows side by side with the coquettish palm. The brand new hotel in Nueva Gerona was filled with visitors from the States. In the shops we saw evidence of Yankee occupation—there was everything from spades to ice-cream soda, cured hams to chewing gum. We motored over to Santa Fé, a favorite health resort for wealthy Havanese for nearly a century. The two mineral springs, magnesia and iron, were



A FIELD OF PINEAPPLES, ISLE OF PINES.

even known to the Indians. The bottled water is sold all over Cuba.

In Santa Fé we found the people greatly excited over the news that the secretary of public instruction in Havana had issued an order limiting the teaching of English in public schools to the large cities. A scarcity of teachers was given as the reason. As the most of the school children in the Isle of Pines are "out and out Americans," they naturally prefer saying "six times six" in English. I heard an original discourse on the language question from an American who had lived ten years in Havana before becoming a Piñero.

"Do you know, I like these people," he said. "The trouble with most Americans is that they don't understand the Cubans, can't speak their language. When I first came down I could only speak a little and some of the *gringos* used to josh me about having learned my Spanish on a phonograph with the wax records too close to the fire. But that didn't worry me, and I just kept plugging away until I could *ablar* with the best of them. Now I get their viewpoint. They resent our insisting on their learning our difficult, harsh language. I recall a night some years ago when I was dining with Cubans and a discussion arose regarding the comparative beauty of English and Spanish—Shakespeare *versus* Cervantes. I had just put up quite a plea for my own tongue when a man across the table asked the English name of the dish before him, and I knew the jig was up. He was eating *camarones*, as smooth and liquid a lot of vowels as you can find. When I came out with 'shrimps,' they all were convulsed with laughter and nearly broke their jaws trying to pronounce the word. I was out in the first round!"

I learned that the Isle of Pines is in two sections divided by a swamp—two-thirds a rolling country; the remaining 300,000 acres to the south, a jungle enveloping a wealth of hardwood. The men engaged in felling the trees and marketing the logs are mostly "Caimaneros," West Indian English of various shades from the Cayman Islands, 150 miles away. These men take a turn at hunting the tortoise, valuable for its shell, and

also add to their incomes by catching young parrots which swarm the woods in June and July.

The magnet which has attracted the Anglo-Saxon to this tropical pine-land is the equable climate. The winters are delightful and even the summer "has references." Fresh trade-winds blow off the Caribbean.

I enjoyed my visit to these transplanted compatriots of ours. They went there with hearts full of hope and worked out their own salvation, transforming a Spanish penal colony into a prosperous American community. Whether it be the Cuban flag or the Stars and Stripes which eventually floats over pine and palm, the Yankee has here proved to the world that he is a first-class colonist.

CHAPTER III.

ACROSS CUBA.

THE tobacco buyer and the man from Kentucky saw me off at the Central Station when I left Havana to cross Cuba.

"Don't miss the caves of Matanzas!" "Be sure to ride in a *volanta!*" "Remember me to San Juan Hill!" These and many other parting admonitions they laughingly gave me.

The express leaves the capital daily for Santiago de Cuba, 540 miles away, twenty-four hours in a Pullman. I broke the journey at a number of places, my first stop being Matanzas, two and a half hours from Havana. Here there are two noted excursions for the traveler, one to the summit of a nearby hill for a view of the famous Yumuri Valley; the other to the caves of Bellamar.

I searched about the town for a *volanta,* the long-shafted, high-wheeled vehicle once typical in Cuba, but now rarely seen even in the country At last I found a somewhat dilapidated

THE VOLANTA, A CUBAN CARRIAGE, ONCE MUCH USED ON THE ISLAND.

sample. One horse is in the shafts and the driver rides on a second attached by traces. The cart is adapted for rough cross-country riding and was practical in the days of poor roads. The sensation is a bit "weird." My head was below the upper rim of the wheels as we bounced up the Cumbre which is crowned by the old hermitage of Montserrate. Within this quaint structure is a reproduction of the shrine in the monastery of Montserrate, Spain, done in cork. Many handsome and expensive votive offerings have been deposited here and thousands of persons visit the hermitage yearly.

I confess I was disappointed in the much-advertised Yumuri Valley as viewed from this point. The great naturalist and traveler, Humboldt, called it "the most beautiful valley in the world," or something equally extravagant. It is a pretty piece of country, clothed in emerald cane and tasseled with stately palms, but I have seen many finer valleys in tropical America.

The caves of Bellamar resemble others I have visited—the same remarkable stalactite formations. You think you are in

DOCKS AND WAREHOUSES, MATANZAS, CUBA.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF MATANZAS, CUBA

fairyland, or at the New York Hippodrome during the finale; all the bewildering shades are there, minus the fairies.

On the whole, the best thing about Matanzas is the view of the city itself from the heights, its multi-colored houses, roofed with tiles, hill-encircled and river-girded, beside a deep blue sea.

Matanzas, with its 36,000 inhabitants, is a commercial city of much importance. A fort, so obsolete that it was useless at

IN A CANE-FIELD, INTERIOR OF CUBA.

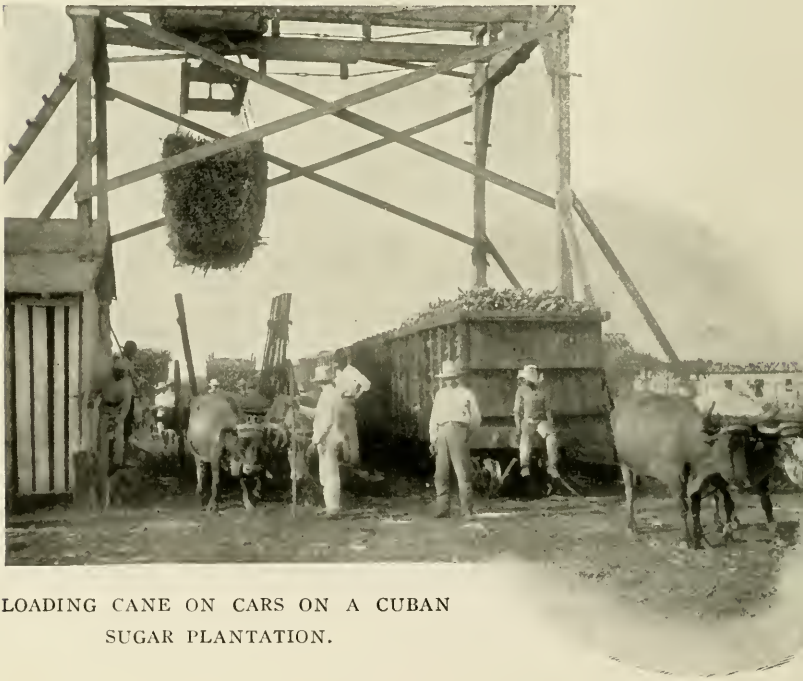
the time of the Spanish-American War, once protected the harbor. United States battleships bombarded Matanzas in April, 1898, but withdrew after killing one mule.

Soon after leaving the city we passed a sisal plantation, fenced in by giant cacti; then field after field of cane. The world has not only to thank Cuba for her gift of rare tobacco, but owes her a vote of thanks for a bountiful sugar crop. Sugar has become a necessity to every civilized human being and its consumption during the past century is a most striking

evidence of a luxury evolving into a real need. In fact, great doctors and scientists assert that the plentiful use of sugar is one of the best preventatives of alcoholic drunkenness, containing, as it does, an unusual amount of natural alcohol which does not intoxicate. Moral, when tempted to take a drink, eat candy instead and escape the evils of whisky.

As the civilized world cannot do without sweets, Cuba has a claim on civilization, having sent out 2,250,000 tons of sugar last season. Fully 99 per cent comes to the United States, as we have allowed 20 per cent reduction of duty. The Cubans are more than a bit worried over their status when the "free sugar" date arrives.

If Cuba "cubed" her sugar crop, it would reach billions of cubes, enough to give every inhabitant of our country eight cubes a day. Of course we pay well for it; $100,000,000 was its value on leaving its native heath, and the decimal point surely stepped to the right before we got our tongs on it. The sugar industry is the biggest thing on the island, amounting to



LOADING CANE ON CARS ON A CUBAN SUGAR PLANTATION.

over two-thirds the total value of exports. Sugar plantations or "centrals" are all over the country, a bit scattered to the west, decidedly bunched in Santa Clara province, the heart of Cuba, and still numerous in the eastern section.

I stopped to visit a sugar estate and was welcomed by the American manager, who told me that fully four-fifths of all the plantations are owned or managed by Americans. He said that our countrymen have about $200,000,000 invested in Cuba, and nearly $60,000,000 of it is in sugar. Over one million acres are given over to the production of honey-laden cane, twice the area devoted to the crop when Spain left the island.

In the mills the laborers are Chinese, negroes, Spaniards

TRAIN LOADED WITH SUGAR CANE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CUBA.

and highly paid American chemists and engineers. When the season ends, thousands of Spaniards embark by the shipload for Spain to spend the "dead" season with their families, returning at the commencement of the new crop. One of the largest sugar estates in the world is in Cuba, the "Chaparra," with 150,000 acres under cultivation. Many Cubans "raise cane" on the companies' land, selling the crop by weight to the mill. In 1912 these cane-raisers, *colonos*, had a bit of hard luck, for while the crop was large, the cane was light-weight though rich in sugar, so "heads won"—a prize to the companies.

At Santa Clara I changed cars for Cienfuegos, "City of a Hundred Fires," on the south coast, which ships more sugar than any other port on the island. Cienfuegos Bay is said by naval experts to be one of the finest in the world, capacious, land-locked and tranquil.

Here, as elsewhere on the island, I heard English spoken. Many educated Cubans understand it even if they will not speak it. Times have changed since the day when a hungry American tried to order a beefsteak in a Cienfuegos hotel and couldn't make the waiter understand. At last he took out his notebook and drew a picture of a cow. *"Si, si, ahora yo entendo!"* cried the waiter, rushing off. A few moments later he returned, proudly bearing a ticket to the bull fight!

In Cienfuegos my room overlooked the next door *patio*. I could not help seeing a bit of middle-class life. The ladies rocked and gossiped all day, but I'll confess they never forsook their needles. A small boy about ten years old was nurse to the baby and seemed also to serve as a sort of a "he-chambermaid." About four in the afternoon the ladies appeared greatly bedecked and moved into the parlor to look out through the barred windows. In the evening there was more *patio* gossip and a very squeaky phonograph, and then the *señorita* favored us with several instrumental selections.

The *señorita* marries the very first chance she has and wins a rocker and a *patio* of her own. Her life lacks the breadth and action of girls of the United States of the same station.

She does not envy the upper-class Cuban women who travel and wear Parisian gowns. No, she only asks for a phonograph and a sewing machine, maybe a trip to Havana. She becomes a devoted, if not a very intelligent, mother. Peace is hers if Pedro then tends shop faithfully and keeps away from revolutionary talk. I don't believe this class of Cuban girls ever heard of a suffragette!

In regard to railroads, Cuba is one of the best served of the American republics, considering the country's size. It also was one of the first to have a railway, being twelve years ahead of its mother, Spain. Of the 2,075 miles of standard track on the island, 1,000 is British owned. American capital built the road from Santa Clara to Santiago, 607 miles, and now is reaching out, building 250 miles of new road across the province of Camaguey from north to south. This action has brought out a protest from the British railway interests who claim that it interferes with existing British concessions. The Cuban Government denies this, and it is up to the British Government to take the next step.

I wrote in a previous chapter of the American fruit growers on the Isle of Pines, but they are here at the Cuban railway stations, too. You can never mistake the man from North Dakota, although raising oranges is a new game to him. Heretofore, Cuba's orange crop has found a local market, but the island fruit is beginning to appear in the United States.

In the full development of her agricultural possibilities lies Cuba's golden future. Efforts on the part of the Government to promote agriculture cannot fail to attract the necessary immigration. There are large tracts which can be cultivated at less expense and with greater profit than in the irrigated sections of the United States. There is also the best sort of opportunity for the small farmer, who can raise potatoes, for instance, as fine as any from Bermuda, while Cuba now buys half a million dollars' worth.

And corn! Why not market it at a big profit? Now it is only raised for fodder. What we call farming in the United States is almost unknown in Cuba. Outside of the big planta-

CATHEDRAL AND PLAZA AT CAMAGUEY, CUBA.

tions and the thriving new orchards, the happy-go-lucky countryman raises bananas, sweet potatoes and *yuca*, a little rice, perhaps, and lets it go at that. He ekes out his larder with game. Winter is the Cuban hunting season. Game then is plentiful throughout the island and landowners, with few exceptions, allow sportsmen the freedom of their estates. Some sections abound with deer and there are miniature wild boar, also ducks, doves, quail and pheasants. There are no poisonous snakes and no fierce jaguars. A little tree rat, the

A CORNER OF THE PATIO GARDEN OF A HOUSE IN CAMAGUEY, CUBA.

hutia, has it mostly his own way, unless you count a relic of past ages, the *almiqui*, a sort of shrew now very rare, and found only in Cuba and Haiti.

At Camaguey, one of my Meccas on the island, is Dr. Paul Karutz, who recently resigned as industrial agent for the Cuba Railway to take up some special work for the Spanish-American Iron Company at Daiquiri, at whose mines are 10,000 people. He is a distinguished chemist, having been the first to call attention to the fact that powdered limestone or coral, when burned and applied to soil, does wonderful work in making plant food available. Dr. Karutz, who was a German army officer and has traveled all over the world, believes that when the natives are educated in the proper methods of tilling the soil the country will be able to supply all our Eastern seaboard with vegetables during the summer months. By feeding sugar cane and pressed peanut, cottonseed or linseed oil cakes, he boasts that he can raise pork at one and one-half cents a pound and beef at two cents a pound. These experiments are to be carried out at Daiquiri, where he has volunteered to farm 10,000 acres scientifically to show the possibilities of agricultural development. Sugar is grown scientifically now in Cuba, but other products in most instances are cultivated as they were two or three hundred years ago.

Camaguey's rehabilitated Indian name suits the quaint old town better than its former Spanish title of Puerto Principe. The settlement was originally founded on the coast, but was moved inland as early as 1530 to escape the visitation of pirates. Henry Morgan and his bloodthirsty crew found it out and sacked it, however, one hundred years later. Camaguey looks its age. It is old and hoary. It reminded me of Cartagena, Colombia; the same squatty houses, the same parrot-cage windows, projecting and barred. I half expected to meet De Soto, Porcallo and all the other gallant sixteenth-century "boys" at each turn in the street.

Camaguey impressed me as the most aristocratic town on the island, a little more conservative and Cuban than the others. The province has long been noted for its good blood

A FAMILY OF BASKET-MAKERS, INTERIOR OF CUBA.

and handsome women. Also for its live stock—cattle, riding horses, and bulls for fighting in the Spanish days.

Keeping on to the east, I found the country more verdant; it began to look really tropical. A vine-laced forest borders every clearing. Giant *ceibas* look on Royal palms which in turn tower over palmettos. A tree more vividly green than the others was pointed out to me as the mahogany, and I saw houses built entirely of mahogany logs. The most of the dwellings, however, are the native *bohios*, thatched huts built of palmetto, just the sort the Indians used when Columbus discovered the island. *Bohio* is the aboriginal name. Another Indian word, or prefix rather, very common still, is *gua—guajiro*, the typical country man, lazy and good-natured; *manigua*, the thick bush where the insurgents used to hide. They pronounce the *gua* as though it were *wah*. It was after dark when we passed the famous *trocha* line, the fortified Spanish trench which crossed the island. I could dimly make out the narrow-gauge railroad which now parallels it.

The wreck of the *Maine* no longer lies in Havana harbor. A noble monument in its honor will some day grace the capital. In western Cuba they live in the present and put away the past. But in the eastern country Spanish-American War tales come to life. I forgot all about sugar and tobacco and the other agricultural possibilities of the island as the train slid down to Santiago Bay. Every man who loves the Stars and Stripes comes here for the express purpose of taking off his hat to San Juan Hill!

CHAPTER IV.

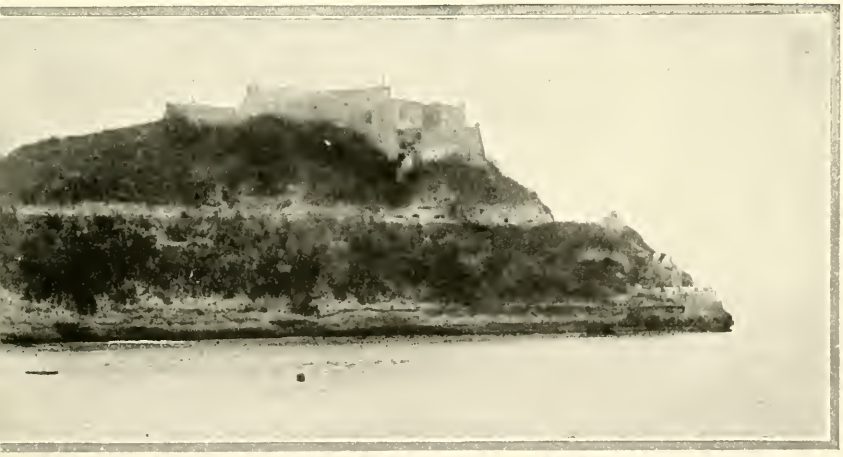
SANTIAGO AND THE ORIENTE.

"WE WILL reach Cuba in twenty-five minutes," said the man with the plaid cap, looking at his watch.

As I had already been some time in Cuba, I cast an inquiring eye on the speaker, who was a Britisher.

"Ah! you do not understand! You call it 'Santiago de Cuba,' or 'Santiago,' I fancy! Here we just say 'Cuba,' don't you know! And 'Cuba' is less Americanized and a blooming sight more picturesque than Havana," continued the man.

It was dark when the train rumbled into Santiago where I was accosted by the usual band of piratical *cocheros*. The runner from the "Gran' Hotel Venus" caught me and we jolted through narrow cobble-paved streets to the hostelry facing the plaza. Here I found a bedroom adorned with a real bathtub, set in an alcove, and a sort of open-air restaurant overlooking the charming little park. "Cuba" was wide awake!



MORRO CASTLE, BUILT IN 1664, AT ENTRANCE OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

The band "um-ta-ta-ed" gayly. Hatless *señoritas* chatted under giant laurel trees, coquetting with slim young men who walked 'round and 'round the square in the good old Spanish way, "making the goo-goo-eye." Number-

less cabs with clanging bells rattled past. Newsboys, and lottery ticket sellers also, screamed their wares. The cathedral chimes added their note to the din. If you think a big American hotel noisy, just try the "Gran'

STREETS IN SANTIAGO, CUBA.

Hotel Venus." I managed to doze at two a. m., but the street cries brought me back to the balcony at five.

The Britisher was right. Santiago is by far the most picturesque of Cuban cities; and with its massive old Morro Castle, built in 1664 and no longer formidable, and the numerous other famous buildings and places in it and near it, it is rich in ancient, as well as in modern history. From here De Soto started overland to Havana on his way to Florida; from here Cortez sailed forth to conquer Mexico. Sacked by pirates; jarred by earthquakes; invaded; burned; the "Very Noble and Very Loyal" city lived on, a fit setting for a later war-drama.

Tiled balconies look down on narrow streets, flanked by walls every color of the rainbow. Indigo and orange, scarlet and sea-green are fair samples of the painter and decorator's favorite combinations. But in spite of its bizarre appearance, this is a busy commercial town, the throbbing heart of the Oriente, as the natives call eastern Cuba. They themselves are Orientales and there are 50,000 of them in Santiago. Their hope is to make this a pretentious shipping port and they plan to put $1,000,000 into harbor improvements.

In a drive about town, some one pointed out to me the place where Adelina Patti, the singer, made her New World *début*. She landed here on her way to New Orleans and sang

THE WALL AGAINST WHICH THE VICTIMS OF THE "VIRGINIUS" EXPEDITION WERE SHOT, SANTIAGO.

at a local club accompanied by musicians who were her fellow voyagers.

The next landmark was a dreary stretch of wall. Men were lined up here and shot, of course, the popular Spanish pastime! Here the Americans of the ship *Virginius* were murdered. It was during Cuba's Ten Years' War with Spain. The *Virginius,* claiming American registry, but suspected of being a filibuster, was captured by a Spanish gunboat off Jamaica and taken to Santiago, where fifty of her officers and crew were summarily shot. This incident brought us at the time to the verge of war with Spain.

A bright-faced boy offering to sell us lottery tickets chased away these grewsome memories. He was greatly excited over the late winnings. Three major prizes, within the month, had come to Santiago. If the Cuban has any pronounced hope, it is that he may some day win a substantial prize in this "national gamble." It takes all his loose change and cuts down his food allowance. He can bet on the cock fight only on Sundays and holidays, but he can add to his international assortment of lottery tickets any day.

The real "show," to my mind, was the fish market. Here, on great stone slabs, the multi-colored fish are attractively displayed, every sort you can imagine. There are six hundred varieties in Cuban waters and practically all the "schools" send delegates to the market. The high-priced ones are kept alive in big tanks and it is quite a sight to watch the catch of a selected fish. The tradesman goes after it with a small hand net while the purchaser provides continuous identification of the victim. The great *pargo* (red snapper) is one of the most popular.

The most delicious thing in the way of eatables in Cuba is a water ice made from the *guanábana,* or sour-sop. The Cubans, like all people of Spanish blood, are very fond of ices. They serve them with spiral wafers which are often used in place of spoons. Exceptionally fine jelly is made here from guava, paste more often than jelly. Much of it finds its way to our market.

SCENE IN THE MARKET, SANTIAGO, CUBA.

I saw a strange sight in the city prison—male convicts knitting stockings and crocheting lace. The prisoners are permitted to send their handiwork to their wives, who sell it toward the support of the family. Convict-made lace is popular with the tourists.

I visited one of the schools which are still operated, after a fashion, on the system Uncle Sam transplanted from Ohio. There are no people anywhere who have such faith in school education as a cure-all for every human defect as we. And

THE CATHEDRAL, SANTIAGO, CUBA.

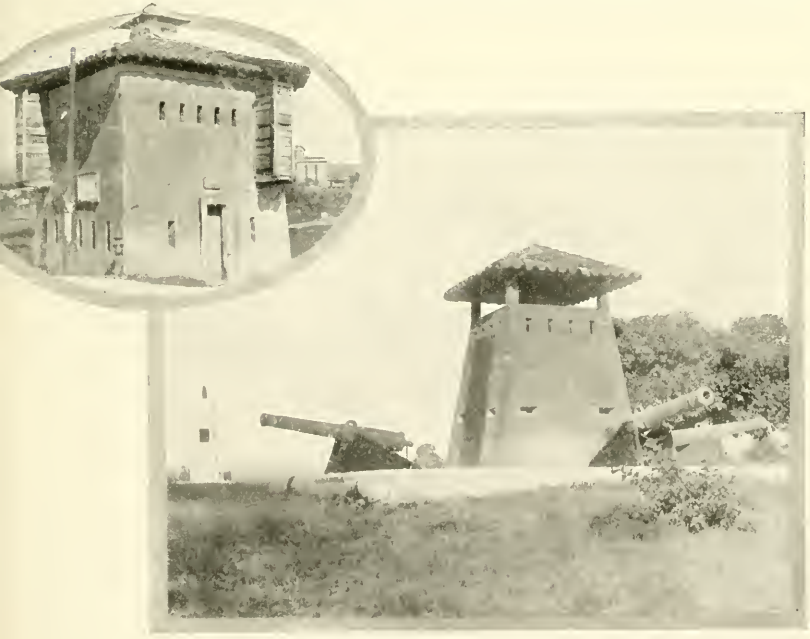
unquestionably we do not err in putting a high value on schools. However, the Cubans apparently received an overdose and the patient turned against it, although he is still taking the prescription. On the whole, they have been benefited.

Facing the plaza in Santiago is the cathedral, an imposing structure, the largest in Cuba. It is the third to occupy the site, having been erected in 1690. Within its walls lies buried Diego Velasquez, founder of seven cities, who died in 1522.

Other men who carved their names high on the wall of Cuban history are interred in Santiago's cemetery, among them being Marti, the great patriot, and Palma, the first president.

It was Marti who inspired the outbreak that preceded the Spanish-American War. War was declared with the mother country February 24, 1895, and Marti died on the field of battle that same year, but his protecting soul seemed to hover over the banner of the single star, which he had helped give to the breeze. It would do no good to tell now of the bloody years that followed, of the starving time, when the peasants were gathered into camps and allowed to die of hunger. The brutalities practiced by the Spaniards surpass belief, and the Cubans retaliated with atrocities. The United States would have had to interfere soon in Cuban affairs in the name of humanity. The destruction of the *Maine* focused attention on the island and fanned the flames of our just indignation. As a result we liberated Cuba.

The two show places around Santiago are Boniato Summit,



THE BLOCK-HOUSE AND MONUMENT, SAN JUAN HILL, SANTIAGO.

for a wonderful view, and San Juan Hill. I motored first up Boniato to look the country over. A splendid road winds up the mountain, built during General Leonard Wood's *régime* and called "Wood's Folly," since it was expensive and leads nowhere in particular. I, for one, approved of the outlay, as I looked down from 1,500 feet over verdant hill and vale, with Santiago Bay gleaming in the distance.

From Boniato I drove to El Caney, where we won a glorious victory. The old church which was riddled by shot and shell has been repaired, hence it is not so interesting to travelers as formerly.

I drove on to San Juan Hill, though you can ride

THE "PEACE TREE."

ROYAL PALMS, THE TOP OF ONE OF WHICH WAS SHOT AWAY IN BATTLE, SAN JUAN HILL.

out on the trolley, if you prefer. A veteran of the colored troops that distinguished themselves here shows visitors over the historic battleground. He led me

GIVING A CUBAN BABY A DRINK.

A MILKING SCENE IN CUBA.

to the Peace Tree, the giant *ceiba* under which the Spanish General, Toral, surrendered to General Shafter July 17, 1898. We walked up San Juan Hill, where Theodore Roosevelt charged to the Presidency. From the old block-house on the heights there is a most comprehensive view, and my guide pointed out the places of greatest interest, giving me a graphic description of the battles in which he had participated. All of the main battlefields of the region are now comprised in a public park, visited by thousands.

Any one who thinks the Santiago campaign was a holiday outing for the American soldier should visit these battlefields. It is a task for a man to scramble up either San Juan Hill or Kettle Hill today. The Americans fought their way up the heights through barb-wire fences and cactus hedges, under a withering fire and won. This bravery was unquestionably of the first class.

Twelve miles from Santiago is the village of Cobre, famed for the shrine of "Our Lady of Cobre," patron saint of Cuba. This little image has been closely identified with the history of the island ever since the opening years of the sixteenth century when Alonso de Ojeda, most daring of the followers of Columbus, brought it to the New World from Spain as his special safeguard against ill fortune. Through many vicissitudes the sacred Virgin has been preserved and pilgrims come from all over the island to worship at her shrine.

Cobre is the Spanish for copper, and the copper mines here have been worked since 1530; $50,000,000 has been taken out and the present American company is shipping over 6,000 tons of metal monthly.

As I passed along a road, I met a long string of laden ponies jogging in from the country, each tied to his neighbor by the tail. At the rear of the train, dust-covered and altogether miserable, was a rebellious red and white calf, actively dodging the hoofs of his pacemaker. A group of black and tan youngsters playing in a doorway cheered him lustily. They looked a healthy lot of hopefuls, free from the dreaded hookworm once so prevalent in Porto Rico.

I was told in Santiago that all Cuban property holders favor annexation. As one man put it, "You hang a Cuban up by his boots and if a *peseta* falls from his pockets he's an annexationist!" But after talking with many influential Cubans, I came to the contrary conclusion. While some fear that annexation is the ultimate fate of the island, all seem fired with the ambition for a successful national career. It is natural that they should wish to keep their hard-earned freedom—to stand before the world as an independent nation.

Twice the United States has had to intervene. The possibility of a third intervention hangs over every Cuban like a pall. He realizes that it would almost surely mean annexation to the United States. However, this would be the best thing that could befall him. No other nation on earth would do what we have done for Cuba, but without the protecting arm of Uncle Sam she could not long remain a nation under her own flag.

CHAPTER V.

CUBA OF TOMORROW.

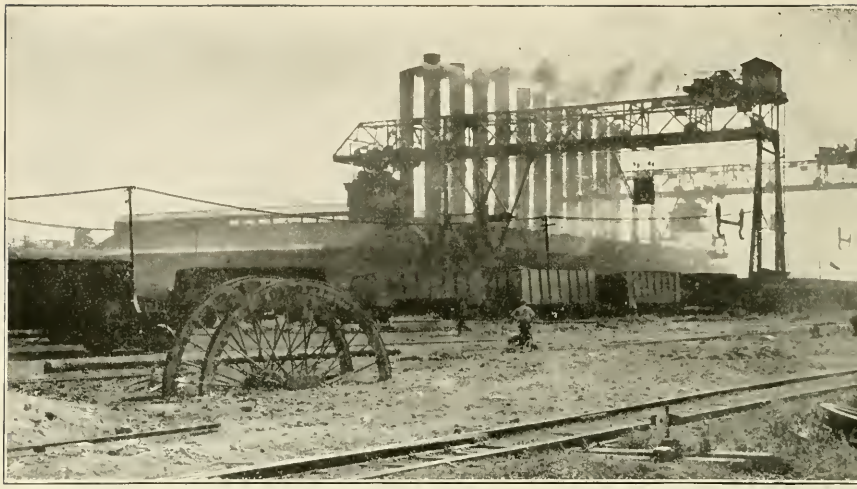
ONE gets a glimpse of the Cuba of the future at Nipe Bay—Cuba when it shall have been changed by the touch of industry's magic wand. I railroaded down to see Uncle Sam's great naval station at Guantanamo Bay, went to Baracoa on a coastwise steamer, then sailed on to Nipe Bay, returning to Santiago by rail. Among all the American interests on the island those at Nipe Bay lead. Five colossal companies are interested there in sugar and banana plantations, citrus orchards, iron mines, and the Cuba Railway, with its model town, Antilla.

Promoters of the railroad did not interest themselves in it alone. Their land holdings are enormous. When they projected their railway through a wild and undeveloped country they were able to buy land at forty to fifty cents an acre. Gradually they are clearing it and converting it into some of the finest cane-producing land on the island, worth hundreds of dollars an acre. Even were they to carry freight for none but themselves the road would be a good investment.

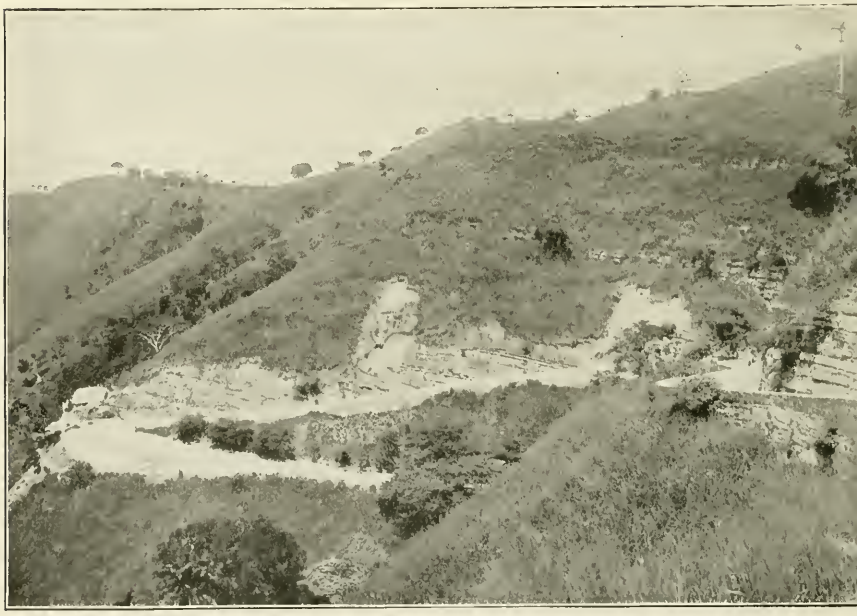
In the neighborhood of Antilla there is no land for sale to the small investor. The large corporations hold all that there is of value. Only recently a big fruit company paid $3,000,000 for the 50,000-acre estate of Saetia. The company's main Nipe Bay settlement is at Preston, where the sugar mill is located. It produces over 70,000 tons of sugar a year. On the plantation 5,000 people are employed. Everything is done on a large scale. The water is brought eighteen miles, from the mountains, at a cost of $400,000. The company store does a business of $800,000 a year. On the seventy miles of the company's standard-gauge railway are twelve locomotives and 400 cars.

Throughout Cuba, the large estates have their own railroad systems for transporting products. Long trains convey sugar cane to the mills. During the active season there is indeed a race, each mill attempting to beat its record or the record of its neighbor. All summer long they prepare, putting the mills in condition and installing the latest patents. Finally, in November, a manager, finding the hour ripe, gives the signal and the mills move. From end to end of the island the news is flashed. Other estates start their mills and sugar plants throb day and

SCENE ON NIPE BAY, CUBA.



SPANISH-AMERICAN IRON COMPANY WORKS, FELTON, NIPE BAY, CUBA



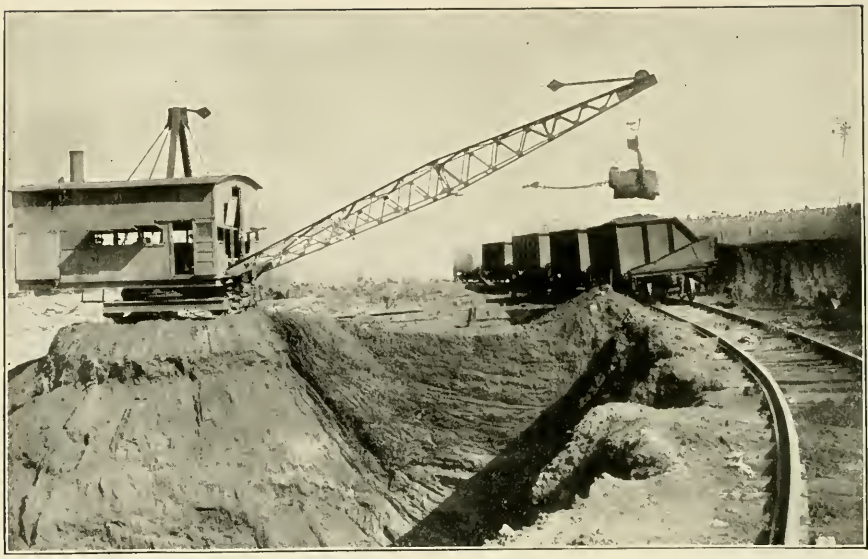
ONE OF THE MANY PICTURESQUE MOUNTAIN ROADS IN CUBA.

night until May or June. Bets are made on the output, which is important, for the quantity of Cuba's crop influences conditions around the world. The managers of these estates are not captains of industry; they are generals, commanding thousands of men.

Eastern Cuba is rich in minerals. Its ores of iron are at present the most exploited. They are of high grade, easily mined and shipped. Though known for almost four hundred years, they have been commercially mined but thirty. Millions are represented in the investments of two American companies whose plants are as up to date as any in the world. The ores are quarried rather than mined and are shipped to the United States for smelting.

Near Preston is the iron mine town of Felton. When the ore comes from the mine it has 37 per cent of water. By a process of roasting this is removed, for obviously it would be extravagant to pay freight to Sparrow's Point, Maryland, or Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on iron ore, one-third of which consisted of water. The mine is owned by the same company that owns Daiquiri, where the ore is a rock formation. Here it covers the ground like a blanket and is scooped up with big steam shovels. At the present rate of consumption it will take six or seven hundred years to exhaust it. In order to get ore down from the mountains at Woodford, the longest incline of the kind in the world was built. It is 7,600 feet long, with a lift of 1,120 feet.

In the Nipe Bay district and elsewhere there is ample proof of the success of the big companies in Cuba. The success of the colonies and the individual colonists is, as I have intimated before, largely a matter of good judgment and good management. The quality that spells success in Cuba includes wisdom in purchasing good land and not taking worthless ground. It has been asserted that Cuba is not a country for the American without money, that it is worse in this respect than Porto Rico. The American farmer will not suffer, however, if he avoids land sharks and before investing learns a little about the country he is to settle in. There is good opportunity to raise food-



MINING IRON AT THE MAYARI MINES, CUBA.

stuffs for the Cuban markets. Now Cuba imports. I have told how the Yankee has proved himself a good colonist on the Isle of Pines. There, and in other districts as well, good judgment has brought success.

Cuba has been a rich field for the sharpers. Their victims have been of two kinds—those who came to Cuba and settled, and those who remained at home and sent money for the "development" of their land. The field, in which the unscrupulous real-estate dealer sowed the seed of discontent with existing conditions, was those Northern States in which snow covers the ground three or four months of the year. The advertising literature called attention to the hard winters, then made the contrast. Cuba was described as a land of perpetual sunshine, flowing with milk and honey twelve months of the year. Many of those who came to the island were ignorant of the language, ignorant of the laws, among a people they did not understand.

What the crooked real-estate dealer did, whenever possible, was to show the settler a fine piece of land and deliver a deed for another tract that was practically worthless. The buyer had only himself to blame, in the majority of instances, for having failed to have the sale verified by a reliable bank. The most unproductive land is known as savannah land, and many a homesick American is trying to live on savannah land which careful investigation would have shown was not worth the labor put upon it.

The usual method was to sell land in colonies. Some of these colonies, after years of hardship, are beginning to prosper. Good management has altered their view of the future. After four or five years of work a colony at Omaja, a hundred miles east of Santiago, is just "getting on its feet." The settlers do not possess deeds to their lands, owing to a peculiar Cuban law which tripped up the promoter of the colony. The money they paid is still held in escrow by a bank. F. L. Pfeuffer, resident manager, told me that there are about 12,000 acres in the property controlled by this company, though much of it is not under cultivation. A colonist usually takes from ten to twenty-five acres. At one time there were 350 colonists at Omaja but many grew discouraged over the failure to get title to their land and moved away. Now there are about 150. Mr. Pfeuffer believes that a practical man with a trade could earn enough to keep going while developing his property. From his experience a man with $1,000 could get a good start, but he must locate where there are other Americans.

The colonists at Omaja are of the hardy pioneer type that made the winning of our West a triumph of civilization. I attended a good roads meeting and was much impressed with their earnestness of purpose. How fortune can be wooed and won in Cuba is demonstrated by E. C. Pierson, a nurseryman of New York State, who moved to Omaja when his health became impaired. He has one of the largest nurseries in Cuba, with fifty-five acres in stock.

Cuba has 60,711 farms, with an average of 143 acres to the farm, yet only ten per cent of this is under cultivation. For

A HERD OF CATTLE, INTERIOR CUBA.

this condition there is a reason, one that accounts in no small part for the slowness of Cuba's development. Land unsurveyed, in a wild state, is not subject to taxation. Real property has no tax on it, either in town or country, unless it has rental value. In the country this amounts to four per cent and in urban communities it is double. Consequently, a great landlord can keep thousands of acres unsurveyed and untilled, without any burden being placed on him by the State. This practically puts a premium upon the neglect of agriculture and this state of affairs is what has made it hard for the American colonist. There is no wonder that the Cuban peasant is not provident. The moment that he owns a house that is better than a dog kennel, and begins to take thought of the morrow by putting in a crop that will do more than keep him alive, along comes the tax collector. General Menocal, who became President of Cuba on May 1, 1913, promised to change the existing tax conditions. One cannot be sure of promises made in Cuban politics, but friends of good government in Cuba predict a remarkable advance during his administration, since he seems, in most matters, to have the American viewpoint.

A point of interest to Americans is our naval station at

SCENE ON GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA.

Guantanamo Bay, reserved perpetually for the United States at the close of the Spanish-American War. We have done little toward the fortification of our great Cuban base, but at present active work is under way, as Guantanamo is to protect the eastern entrance of the Panama Canal, just as the Pearl Harbor fortifications in Hawaii guard the western outpost. General Wood, chief of the army staff, was on the ground at the time of my last visit. He had with him ten picked advisers to inspect plans for the land defenses of this Caribbean Gibraltar. There is to be a mammoth dry dock. Huge oil tanks are being erected. Lieutenant Winfield Liggett, Jr., our executive officer, told me that life at the naval base was deadly dull except when the Atlantic fleet assembles there for target practice. Marines from the United States are stationed at Fisherman's Point, at the entrance to the bay. Back of their barracks rises McCalla Hill, where American blood was shed when our first troops were debarked, June 10, 1898.

We have traded our other site, at Bahia Honda, on the north coast, for additional land at Guantanamo. As we plan to maintain a large garrison, it was found necessary to secure more drinking water, hence the "swap," of north coast land, which we had never utilized, for country containing hills and streams back of Guantanamo. An American colony is springing up here, with sugar estates and lumber enterprises, within easy call of our bluejackets in case of trouble.

It was officially estimated a few years ago that there were over 10,000,000 acres of virginal forest on the island in spite of the "Woodman-Spare-the-Tree" poem not having been translated into Spanish. The valuable woods include mahogany, cedar, ebony and oak. Where transportation facilities have permitted the removal of logs, hardwoods are now scarce, but inland, in the central and eastern provinces recently opened up, there is much good timber left. Successful timber cutting and sawing are of course for the specialist who has had experience in "making sawdust." It has been proved an unsafe industry for the uninitiated.

If you will look at a map of Cuba, you will find the town

of Baracoa near the extreme eastern point. This is the oldest Spanish settlement on the island, the first capital. I landed here from a steamer and climbed to the fort on the hill where they say Columbus stood in October, 1492. "It is so beautiful that one never wearies to see it," he wrote, and thought he had reached a great empire of the Far East instead of a little Western isle.

The coconut and banana grow abundantly in this region, the latter always very stiff, as though it disapproves of its graceful neighbor. Baracoa is the chief coconut port of the island, but the production has fallen off alarmingly owing to a disease which has ravaged the trees. Under normal conditions the coconut yields four or five years after planting, bears about seventy nuts a year and is a paying investment. Cuba is too far north to produce the best bananas for commercial use, but they are grown all over the island for home consumption.

We buy much more from the Cubans than they do from us, although three-fourths of their total trade is with the United States. Here is a chance for our hustling commercial travelers to unload their wares. But they had better peruse a treatise on diplomacy as they speed down the Over-Seas Railway. How strange that "Juan" and "Arturo" prefer any day to buy from the Spaniard who tyrannized them rather than from the Yankee who helped to make them free!

If it is his first trip to Cuba, the traveler must not be surprised to find negroes all over the island who say, "*Si, señor*," instead of "Yassir," very different sort of colored men from the type he knows at home.

The fortune teller, in examining the palm of Cuba's successful political party, has predicted the meeting with a "dark person," whose "color scheme" promises a great source of worry. The blacks in Cuba claim that they have not been given their share of the public offices and can probably make good their claim. A special law prevents their organization into a separate party, and not so very long ago there was an uprising in eastern Cuba, put down with heavy loss of life.

ENTRANCE TO HARBOR OF SANTIAGO, CUBA, WHERE HOBSON SANK THE MERRIMAC.

Poor Cuba has a race problem on her hands almost certain to grow worse if the present proportional increase in the black race is sustained.

Steamers of the French line connect Santiago de Cuba with Santo Domingo. My most vivid remembrance of things Cuban is that sail down the harbor in the late afternoon, the rainbow city, the verdant coconut-fringed shore, the narrow, fort-guarded entrance.

The cry, "Hobson sank the *Merrimac* just there!" brought all of us to the rail. I could picture that memorable night when the valiant Americans risked their lives in an attempt to corral the Spanish fleet. Though, at the point where they sank the *Merrimac* the channel was of such a width that the Spanish fleet could sail by and really was not "bottled up," the act itself was a brave one.

The Morro of Santiago de Cuba overlooking sea and bay is one of the grandest old fortresses I have ever seen. Its coloring of bluff and rose overlaced with verdure, the time-worn steps leading up the precipitous cliff, every detail one of beauty and harmony. Beyond are the modern barracks. The sunset gun! The Cuban flag floating out on the breeze, where the colors of Spain long waved, where the Stars and Stripes once were unfurled, where possibly they may again be unfurled. Good-by sunny island, beautiful Cuba!

THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Area, 18,045 square miles, about the size of New Hampshire and Vermont combined—Population, 1913, about 600,000, made up mainly of Creoles, Europeans mixed with African and Indian blood, and some Turks and Syrians—Chief resources, sugar, cacao, tobacco, cotton, coffee, timber—Imports, 1913, $9,012,641; exports, $10,175,800; imports from United States, $5,802,767; exports to United States, $5,443,933—Military, authorized by law, 906 officers and men—Navy, 1 gunboat and 4 revenue cutters—Railway, public, 150 miles; private lines on large estates, 250 miles; telegraph lines, 352 miles—Capital, Santo Domingo, population, 22,000—President, 1914, General José Bordas.

CHAPTER I.

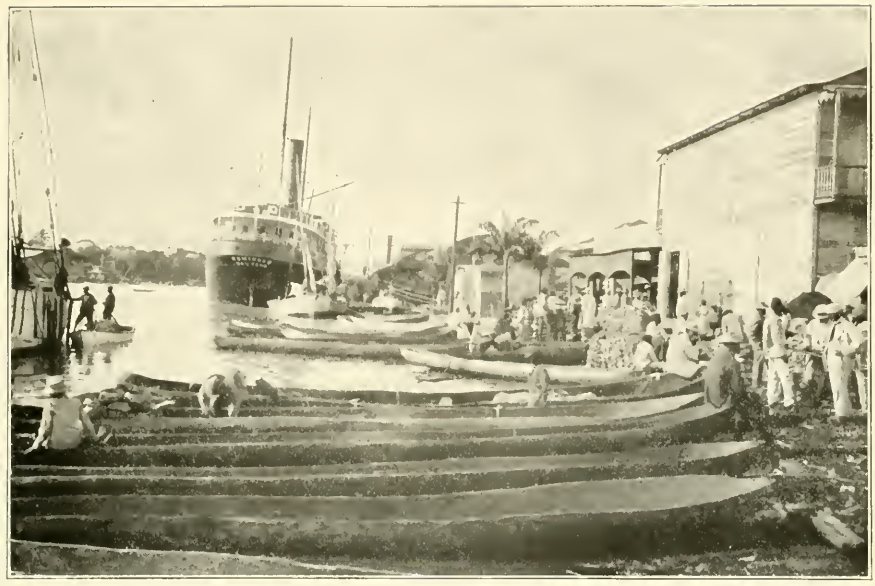
A FOSTER-CHILD.

NOT one man out of fifty in the United States can readily locate the Dominican Republic, which is a sort of foster-child of Uncle Sam. It covers two-thirds of the island of Haiti and is next door to the Black Republic. The "black and tan" Dominican Republic has a Spanish-speaking population and its metropolis, Santo Domingo City, is grandmother of the Americas.

Santo Domingo, with its 22,000 inhabitants, lies on the south coast where the Ozama River meets the sea. If the people had long-distance glasses, they could keep tab on the Venezuelans, for there is a clean sweep of sea between.

We came here from Cuba on a French steamer which anchored off the mouth of the Ozama. From the ship, old Santo Domingo looked well preserved. "She'd pass for forty," said a fellow passenger, "and she's over four hundred!"

On rowing up the river to the custom's pier we recognized a true son of the buccaneers in our boatman. He charged each of us four dollars gold for two hundred yards! One man loudly protested, but had to pay.



WATERFRONT ON THE OZAMA RIVER AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

"Well," he added, "these people are properly named. I'll spell it 'DOUGHminicans' after this! And it's been the cause of all their trouble, too!"

The Dominicans do hold all records for the scandalous handling of public funds. Soon after they broke away from Spain they started on this mad career, borrowing right and left, until they had piled up a mountain of debt, over $30,000,000 and nothing to show for it! This forty years' spree was filled, "acrobatically speaking," with all sorts of daring exhibitions of financial tumbling. Government paper dropping as low as sixty per cent discount. From the "hard up" stage they slipped down into the "dead broke" class. Then the foreign creditors demanded their money. Their sheriffs were warships. Then the Dominicans appealed to the United States for aid and protection and Uncle Sam threw out a life preserver. This was back in 1905.

First he looked over the list of debts and decided that fifty cents on the dollar would give every one back all the real money invested. Then he loaned this bankrupt republic $20,000,000, using $15,000,000 for the creditors and the remaining $5,000,000 for public improvements. He appointed an able American as receiver of customs with assistants at all ocean ports and Haitian frontier posts and applied fifty-five per cent of the revenue toward paying back the $20,000,000 loan, allowing the Dominicans forty-five per cent for spending money. This proved a sort of "magic wand act," for, lo and behold! the forty-five per cent gave the people more actual money than the whole hundred per cent under the old *régime*. With the change of administration in the United States, a year and a half ago, the trained American customs officials were displaced by inexperienced men and the Dominican machine slowed down.

As there is no property tax in the country, the customs

THE ANCIENT CEIBA TREE TO WHICH THE FIRST SPANISH CARAVELS WERE MOORED. STANDS NEAR THE WATERFRONT, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

duties are necessarily high and the receiver has much difficulty in keeping the ports "smuggler proof." He has five little coast-guard vessels, sea-going gasoline launches, to watch all suspicious-looking craft. At least he can watch them in moderately fair weather. "When billows dash," the toy tin fleet is forced to run to cover.

As we drove away from the customhouse, we passed the giant *ceiba* tree to which a brother of Columbus moored his caravel; then through an opening in an ancient wall to typical Spanish-American streets and on to the Hotel Francia. Here

PRESIDENT'S MANSION, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

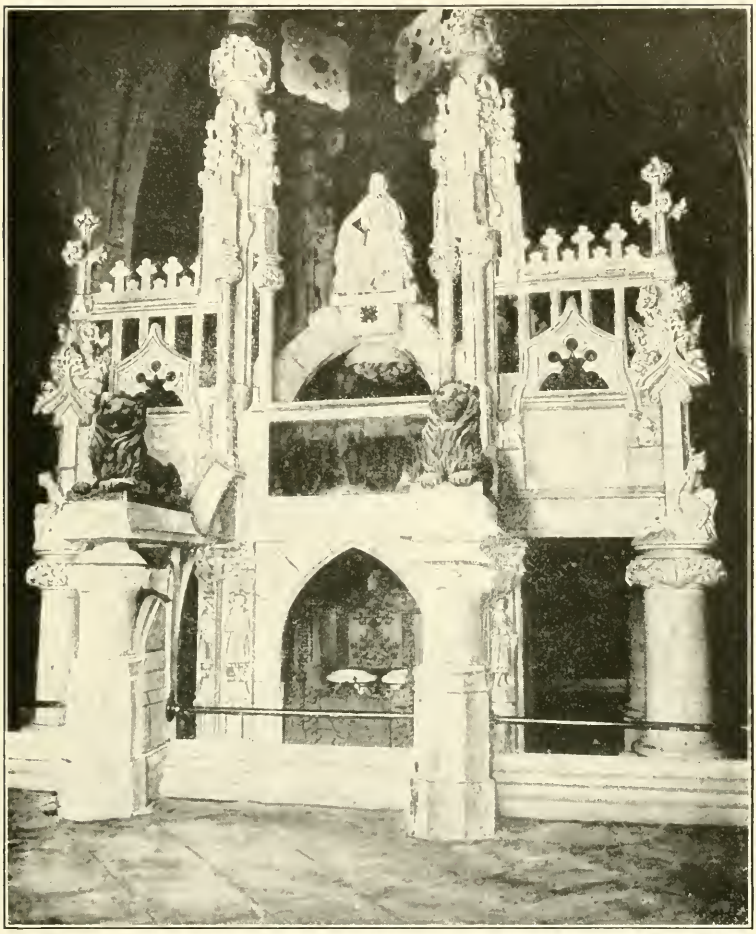
one pays $2.50 for room and meals, the room opening on the veranda, no windows, no running water.

Santo Domingo is not making a bid, as yet, for tourist trade, although it has more of interest to offer than any other West Indian city. No city in the New World, in fact, can boast its array of historical landmarks. Founded in 1496 by order of Columbus, when his earlier settlement on the north coast was abandoned, Santo Domingo stands today the oldest Christian city of the Western Hemisphere. The Great Admiral himself knew it; his brother and his son both ruled it as Governors;

Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa and lesser *conquistadores* all clanked its narrow streets.

Our first pilgrimage was to the ancient cathedral, a beautiful, mellow old church, fitting home for the tomb of Christopher Columbus. The solemnity of the occasion, however, was somewhat marred by the running comment of an American who insisted on going with us. We had pictured a simple medieval tomb, matching the dignified surroundings. Instead

THE CATHEDRAL, SANTO DOMINGO CITY. BEGUN IN 1514 AND COMPLETED IN 1540. CONTAINS THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.



THE COLUMBUS MAUSOLEUM IN THE CATHEDRAL.

we beheld a gigantic ornate structure of dazzling white marble, blocking the aisle and towering to the ceiling.

"Looks just like a big soda-water fountain!" remarked the irreverent American. "Poor old Christy! His ashes are in that bronze casket, that is, the most of 'em. Eight or nine

different pinches are scattered all over the world, from New York to Italy."

We remarked that the great discoverer was the proud possessor of two tombs, for there is one in Seville, Spain, bearing his name, and no Spaniard will acknowledge that it really holds the remains of Diego, son of Christopher.

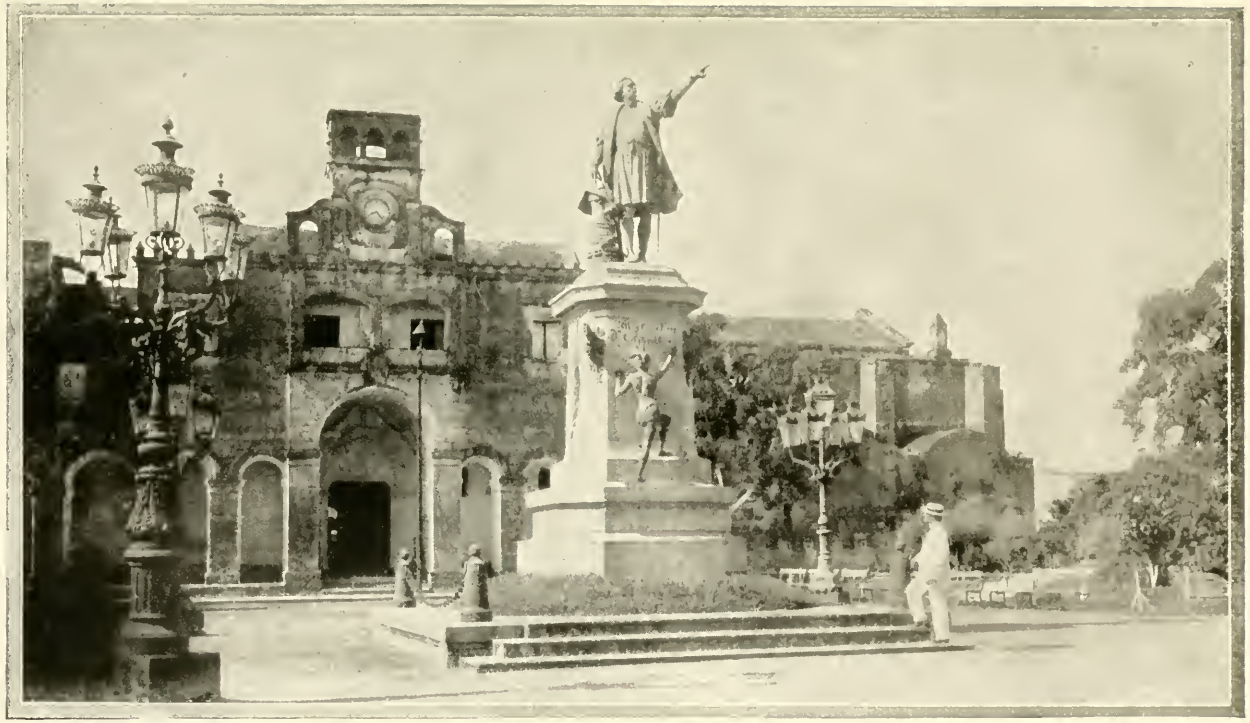
When the Spaniards gave up Santo Domingo to the French in the eighteenth century, they carried away to Cuba what they believed to be the remains of their hero. Later the same body was removed to Spain. About one hundred years after this, a Dominican priest, in repairing the Santo Domingo cathedral, discovered the true remains and so, by happy chance, Columbus lies today in the New World which he discovered.

On the roof of the cathedral is the mark of a cannon ball left by that sociable old chap, Sir Francis Drake, who sacked the town in 1586. From that day Santo Domingo's glory waned. Like many an old grandmother she dropped into the background, outshone by her daughters, Cuba, Mexico and Peru, and by her many brilliant granddaughters.

However, very recently the city has begun to improve. The streets have been paved, sidewalks laid; there are telephones, electric lights, and, shades of Columbus! there are automobiles! There is a fine boulevard facing the sea beyond the city walls and the homes here would grace any land. The American legation is among them. On a rise overlooking the city is the new palatial customs office and home of the American employés. They told me it is never excessively warm, that there is always a breeze blowing off the Caribbean. An automobile-omnibus makes regular trips out this seashore road and on to the village of San Cristobal.

Outside the capital and its environs most of the roads in the country are exceedingly bad, mere mule trails. Communication between the chief towns of the republic is via steamer rather than overland.

As in almost every land, the types in this country differ widely. There are white Dominicans, cultured and traveled; there are coal-black Dominicans quite uneducated. Yet every



STATUE OF COLUMBUS AND THE INDIAN MAIDEN, IN THE COLON PLAZA.

AMERICAN LEGATION BUILDING AT SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

man, woman and child in the land has the courtesy of the Latin.

Chancing into a humble little shop one day, the mulatto merchant made the visit of the *gringos* an event. He offered each a glass of water. Would the *señors* like to see the ruins of the very old church just back of the shop? Did the *señors* desire any information regarding the city? We left our address for the delivery of our purchases and were ceremoniously bowed out. Next day we had altogether forgotten the incident, when a card was sent up. Down we went, expecting to meet some Government official, but, to our amazement, there stood the little merchant, silk hat in hand, accompanied by his three small sons all dressed in white, the eldest bringing a gift to the foreign *señors*. We were amazed, but also touched. It would not happen in Chicago. There one is not "touched" just in the same way.

And, speaking of losing your money. When the Dominicans were outfitting for a new national life under United States management, they set their hearts on possessing a wireless station. Finally Uncle Sam consented and they spent $40,000 on what was catalogued as an "A 1—High Power Set.

Warranted to Talk Like a Parrot!" From New York came this last word in wonders and proudly the mast towered skyward on the seashore, by the old battered wall of the first city of the Americas. Then the gunboat *Presidente* went out to sea with its wireless for the great test. The day came. The day went. The thing did not work.

They kept on trying it daily for about a year and decided to use a megaphone. They did send one message, however, to New York. It arrived in the form of a letter reading: "Come and take back your old outfit. It's deaf and dumb."

We understand that the company in the United States claimed that the frequent revolutions in Santo Domingo were so "shocking" as to neutralize the electric power of the station. At all events, they refused the money. The Dominicans were planning to use the wireless mast as a $40,000 flag pole, but a bright one among them, after much tinkering, discovered the "missing link" and now the plant is reported as being in commission.

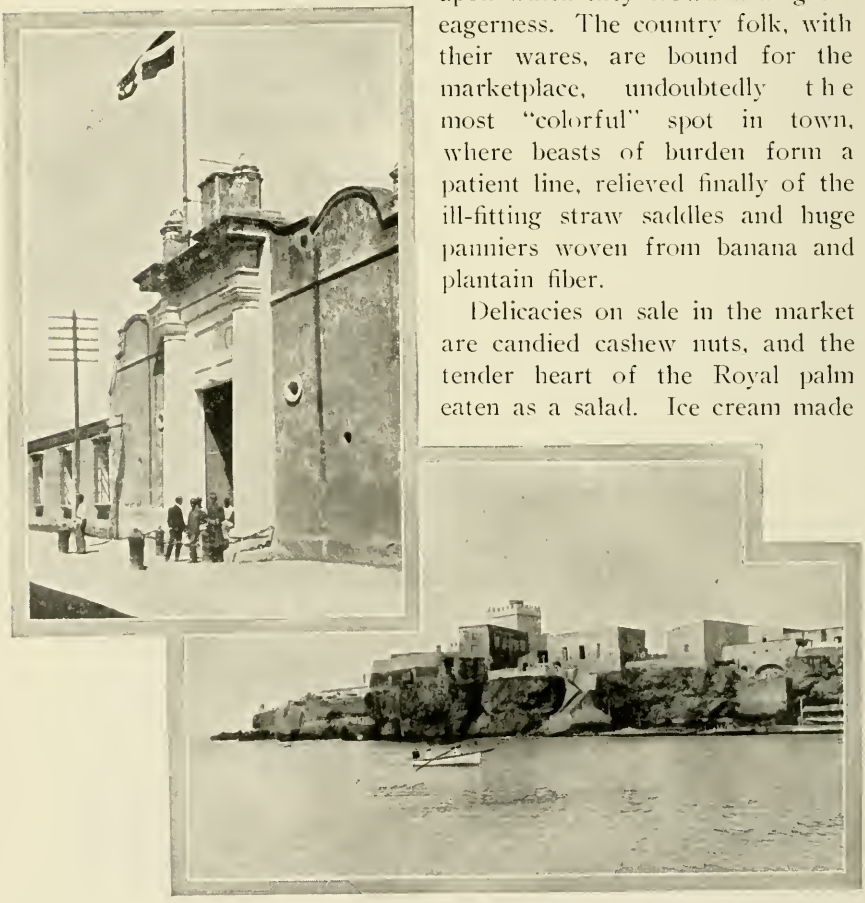
Among the most beautiful of Santo Domingo's monuments

PART OF SEAFRONT, SANTO DOMINGO CITY. MONUMENT TO LIVES LOST HERE IN WHAT IS CALLED "THE MOUTH OF HELL."

is that which stands at the point known as "The Mouth of Hell," honoring the memory of Dominicans who lost their lives near this point, where the waves dash.

One of the picturesque sights in Santo Domingo is the ferry across the Ozama River. Bridges throughout the country are few. Laden ponies and burros; clumsy oxen, yoked by the horns; boys on horseback using straw saddles; women on foot carrying baskets on their heads; even well-dressed cavaliers—all wait at the river shore for the primitive ferry, upon which they crowd with great eagerness. The country folk, with their wares, are bound for the marketplace, undoubtedly the most "colorful" spot in town, where beasts of burden form a patient line, relieved finally of the ill-fitting straw saddles and huge panniers woven from banana and plantain fiber.

Delicacies on sale in the market are candied cashew nuts, and the tender heart of the Royal palm eaten as a salad. Ice cream made



FORTRESS OF HOMENAY, THE OLDEST FORTRESS IN THE NEW WORLD, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

from the milk of fresh coconuts is another dish for the gods. We met an American commercial traveler at the hotel who told us he had been coming to Santo Domingo for many years and had watched "the political game" with interest. He thought the country would eventually heed the message regarding progress, with Porto Rico making a wonderful display on one side and Cuba trying to make a record for self-control on the other.

"There's nothing wrong with the Dominican constitution," he said. "It's a fine, husky constitution, breathing liberty and the joy of living in every line. But somehow it doesn't prevent these politicians from jailing the leading citizens on all sorts of trumped-up charges and keeping them in jail at royal pleasure. The petty rulers in each district—*Jefes*, they're called—have found a reliable source of income in 'grafting by drafting,' serving sons of well-to-do people with notices to report for military service. Then the fond parents disgorge a piece or two of money and the near-recruit is pronounced physically unfit. All the corruption is charged up to the party in power, so the best element is nearly always against the Government."

Away back in 1884, a negro, named Heureaux, nicknamed "Lelis," elected himself to the Presidency and held the job for fifteen years. Many are the stories they tell of his depravity and cruelty, how he slaughtered all who opposed his wishes and turned over concessions, monopolies, even the customhouse, on receipt of "cash payments." This reign of terror was brought to a close by a well-placed bullet from the pistol of Caceres, whose father he had murdered. Later on, Caceres himself became President, to meet the same fate at the hand of an assassin.

A MILKMAN, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.

We agreed with our informant that it seemed to be extra hazard-

GATEWAY IN THE OLD CITY WALL.

SCENE IN FRONT OF THE MARKET.

ous business, but thought there were still many illustrious sons training for the position, if chicanery was an indication. Two years ago a revolution was put down with considerable difficulty. Uncle Sam exhibited two warships and 700 marines, but succeeded in patching things up only by calling the archbishop to the Presidency. This is the second time in the country's history that warring factions have had their death grip broken by the advent of the holy cross. While this truce stopped bloodshed for the time being, the "national sport" again took the field and "the double cross" was employed instead of the cross of the Church. Ever since we left the country a revolution has been in full swing. Word arrives that railroad traffic is suspended and ports blockaded. The cacao crop is molding in the interior. Business throughout the Republic is stagnant. A serious crisis is at hand.

In the famous revolution of 1904, Uncle Sam acted as umpire. Commander Dillingham of the gunboat *Detroit*, on learning that the revolutionists were about to "shoot up" a Dominican town, suggested that the defenders go out in the open and fight the invaders like sports. The proposition was accepted. Lines were marked off by flags. The Government forces were placed on one side, the rebels on the other and told to fight to their hearts' content. The only rule laid down was that retreat beyond the prescribed lines must be accepted as defeat, the losers to surrender. When all was arranged, foreign consuls and clubmen hired carriages and went out to see the battle. A valiant struggle followed, a retreat; a rally; "five yards to gain;" a second retreat by the rebels; then—surrender! The unique war match was over—for that day, at least.

CHAPTER II.

ACROSS THE REPUBLIC.

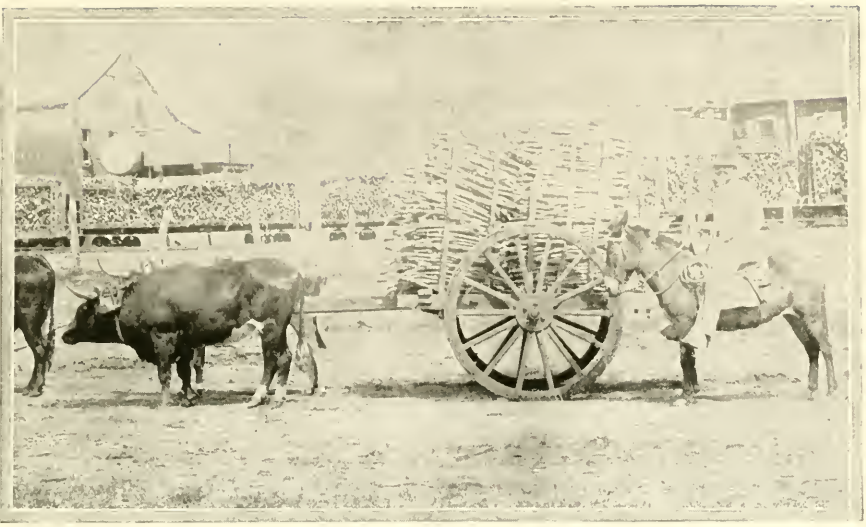
"I SAY, my good man, is this boat going up or down," asked an anxious old lady of a deck hand.

"Waal, ma'am," he replied, "she's a leaky old tub, so I shouldn't wonder if she was goin' down; but thin, ag'in, her b'ilers ain't none too good, so she might be goin' up!"

This story came to mind upon boarding the rickety little coasting vessel which takes one over to Macoris, the new, rich, flourishing sugar port, forty miles east of Santo Domingo. Sugar, cacao and tobacco are the three leading industries of the Dominican Republic. It ranks seventh among the sugar-producing countries of the world.

"We have fine sugar soil," was the claim in San Pedro de Macoris. "You see, we don't have to irrigate as they do over in Azua, where they must sink artesian wells. We just clear the forest, make a hole in the ground, stick in a joint of cane as you would an eye of a potato, and we have ten crops without replanting."

SAN PEDRO DE MARCORIS, THE GREAT SUGAR PORT, SOUTH COAST.



BRINGING IN THE SUGAR CANE.

After the export tax on sugar was abolished, there was a boom in the island, over $5,000,000 worth of sugar having been shipped in 1912. A drought followed and sugar figures dropped, but the 1914 crop, estimated at 125,000 tons, promises to beat the record. The most of the companies are American, at least they are registered as American companies.

"Does the sugar go to the United States?" was asked.

"Yes, it goes there, but it doesn't stop. It is transshipped at New York for Canada and England."

We learned that there are twelve big estates, and that a new sugar district is being opened up at La Romana, where an American company is clearing a tract forty miles in length and building twenty-five miles of standard-gauge railway. The land is cheap, eight to ten dollars an acre.

The port of Macoris is favorably situated as a shipping point, as the Macoris River admits vessels drawing twenty-two feet. On a tug one steams up river to the Consuelo estate, where an interesting labor problem is found. The foreman

must have a working knowledge of several languages, as the field hands are imported from the British, French, Dutch and Danish West Indies, also from Haiti. They receive fifty to seventy cents for a twelve-hour day. Native labor is scarce, as the frequent revolutions have kept the population down to a comparatively small number per square mile. Many Haitians cross the island to work in Macoris, but black labor can now be imported only for the season, as a new law permits none but white persons as settlers. The Dominicans hope that this

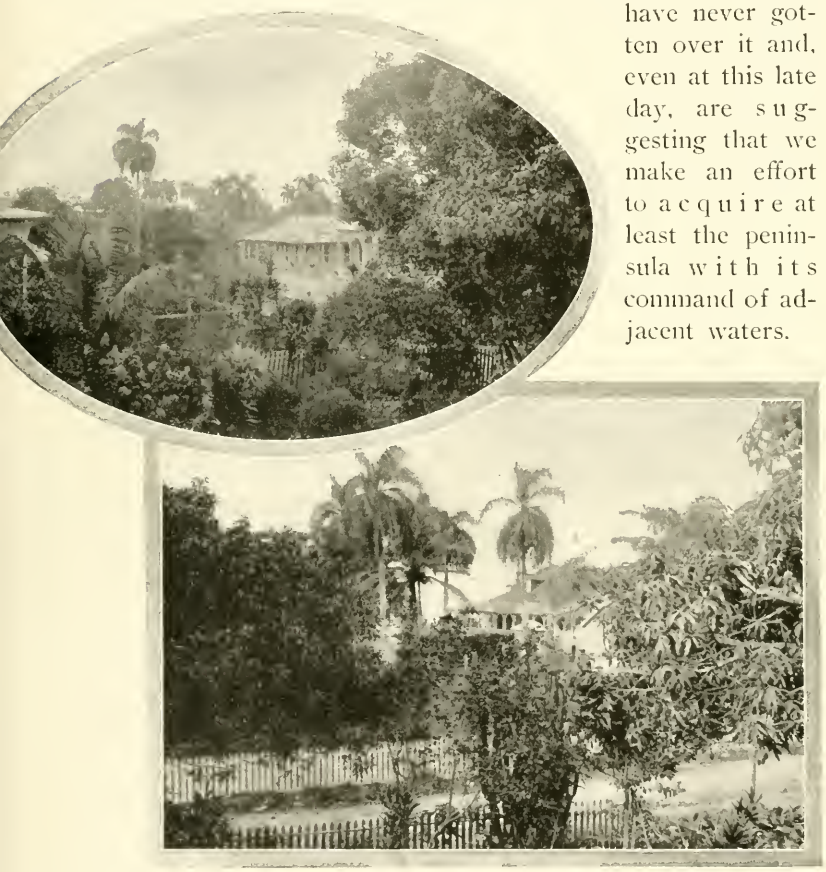
SCENE ON A SUGAR PLANTATION.

order will eventually have a bleaching effect on the national complexion.

From the south coast we sailed around to the eastern side of the island, to the far-famed Samana Bay. This magnificent harbor is really an inland sea, thirty-five miles in length, nine in width, practically landlocked, as the entrance narrows to

six-tenths of a mile between an island and the mainland. Once inside, there is deep-water anchorage for all the warships and merchant vessels that sail the high seas.

Samana Bay controls the Mona Passage, which is in a direct line between Europe and the Panama Canal. It came within an ace of belonging to the United States during President Grant's administration. A Dominican President made the proposition and we sent commissioners down there to study the question. They returned with a treaty of annexation which our Senate rejected by a tie vote. Our naval strategists have never gotten over it and, even at this late day, are suggesting that we make an effort to acquire at least the peninsula with its command of adjacent waters.



HOMES ON SAMANA BAY, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

It was on the northern shore of this bay that the first European blood was shed in the New World. A party sent on shore by Columbus was attacked by Indians and several of the sailors were mortally wounded by arrows. That, of course, was before the conquest by Spain. At the time of the conquest there were estimated to be one million aborigines on the island, but so terrible was the treatment accorded them that fifty years later the race was virtually exterminated. Their blood flows today in the veins of many a Dominican, mixed with that of the Spanish conquerors and the American slaves. With the loss of the Indians as laborers on plantations and in mines, the Spaniards, as in Porto Rico, found it necessary to import great numbers of negro slaves, beginning early in the sixteenth century.

Ten miles up the bay is the charming little town of Samana, built in a coconut grove at the foot of the verdure-clad hills. This is the loveliest spot in the Republic. As one looks down from the heights back of the town on palm-clad capes and wooded islands, on a wonderfully colored bay and encircling mountains, one fancies that here, under a stable Government, a great international winter playground may some day be produced. One conjures up a mammoth tourist hotel, a fleet of yachts in the harbor, and rows of charming villas, only to awake to the fact that this is Santo Domingo. Still, some time in the dim future the dream may come true.

Back in 1825, Samana was the site chosen for the transplanting of some of our surplus American negro population. Descendants of the original colony still farm in the San Juan Valley, a few miles inland from Samana. They are fairly prosperous and are by far the most diligent workers in the country. One of them, who spoke English, claimed that he was of "Yankee abstraction." He certainly had the Yankee hustle, for he sent out a note to the steamer captain saying: "Have a fine bull-pup for sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children."

The Dominican Republic, like Cuba, is free from venomous reptiles and savage animals, so we suppose the people can put up

CURING CACAO IN THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

with the insects. They have a fine assortment of those. We met a number of varieties every time we walked on the grass, and the people of the upper classes are sure to invite the stranger to a picnic. The people love outdoor life. We saw big tarantulas ambling over walls, but the natives did not seem to fear these horrible spiders, and several assured us that the bite is not so dangerous as commonly supposed.

At the head of Samana Bay is the village of Sanchez with 900 inhabitants, owing its commercial existence to the fact that it is the terminus of the seventy-mile Scotch Railway up into the Cibao.

You hear of the Cibao more often than of anything else in the Republic, but we had difficulty in locating it. We finally decided that the term applies to the country between the central and northern ranges of mountains, including the great valley of the Vega. Here are the most fertile lands, the richest cacao plantations in the country.

The crop of chocolate beans in 1912 was valued at nearly $3,000,000 and furnished the bulk of the freight for the Scotch

LONG-HORNED CATTLE ON A PLANTATION.

ROYAL PALMS OF THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

Railway. The Government cut the export tax on cacao in half to promote production and the returns have been encouraging, although the planters are still wailing over the terrible blight which attacked the tree a few years ago. They admit, however, that the recent advance in price has eased the situation. The 1913 crop fell off slightly, owing to political disturbances, drought and damages by insect pests. This product, however, yielded forty per cent of the export values of the year.

We made the journey overland from Sanchez to Puerto Plata on the south shore. There is but a short break in rail connection between the Samana Railroad, through the Vega, and the Government line, running inland from Puerto Plata to the important city of Santiago.

Near Samana Bay, the railway skirts mangrove swamps, the home of the snowy egret and the scarlet ibis. Then we climbed up to rolling pasture lands, through dense groves of cacao. Mile on mile of Royal palms flank the track. As trains here seldom exceed a fifteen-mile-an-hour speed (express trains sometimes make twenty miles) and stop from five to fifteen minutes at every village, there was ample time to observe the surroundings.

SADDLE BULLS USED IN THE FOOTHILLS AND VALLEYS OF CIBAO, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

Beyond Ahnacen the country becomes more open. There are herds of cattle accompanied by flocks of white birds, which perch on the backs of the animals, freeing them from insects. Many of the cattle are of a slender breed peculiar to this island and occasionally used as saddle animals. They are sure-footed but not capable of much speed.

Five hours out from Sanchez we pulled into La Vega, terminus of the line, having climbed only 300 feet above sea level. La Vega is a rambling town of 5,000 people with little of interest beyond its sawmills, which tell of forest wealth close at hand. Just in sight tower the mountains of the central range, covered from base to summit with forests of yellow pine.

While eighty-five per cent of the land area of the Republic is covered with timber, lack of transportation has handicapped the development of the lumbering industry. A belt twenty-five miles wide, bordering the coast and railways, embraces all the cut-over area. The fine quality of Santo Domingo hardwoods has long been noted, the mahogany especially being famous for its great size and beauty when polished. There is also a quantity of greenheart, the wood which the United States Department of Agriculture claims will outlast steel or iron when placed in water. This wood was specified for the sills and fenders in the lock gates of the Panama Canal. Nansen's and Amundsen's sturdy ship, the *Fram*, was also built of it. While British Guiana is cutting her crop of greenheart, the Dominican Republic is carrying hers in stock.

The wretched roads are responsible for the importation of shiploads of American pine for building purposes, but the virtually untouched timber resources will be developed, as an Ohio firm has purchased 500,000,000 feet of mahogany and a Baltimore company the same amount of yellow pine. Logging roads are to be built and fertile clearings opened up for general agriculture.

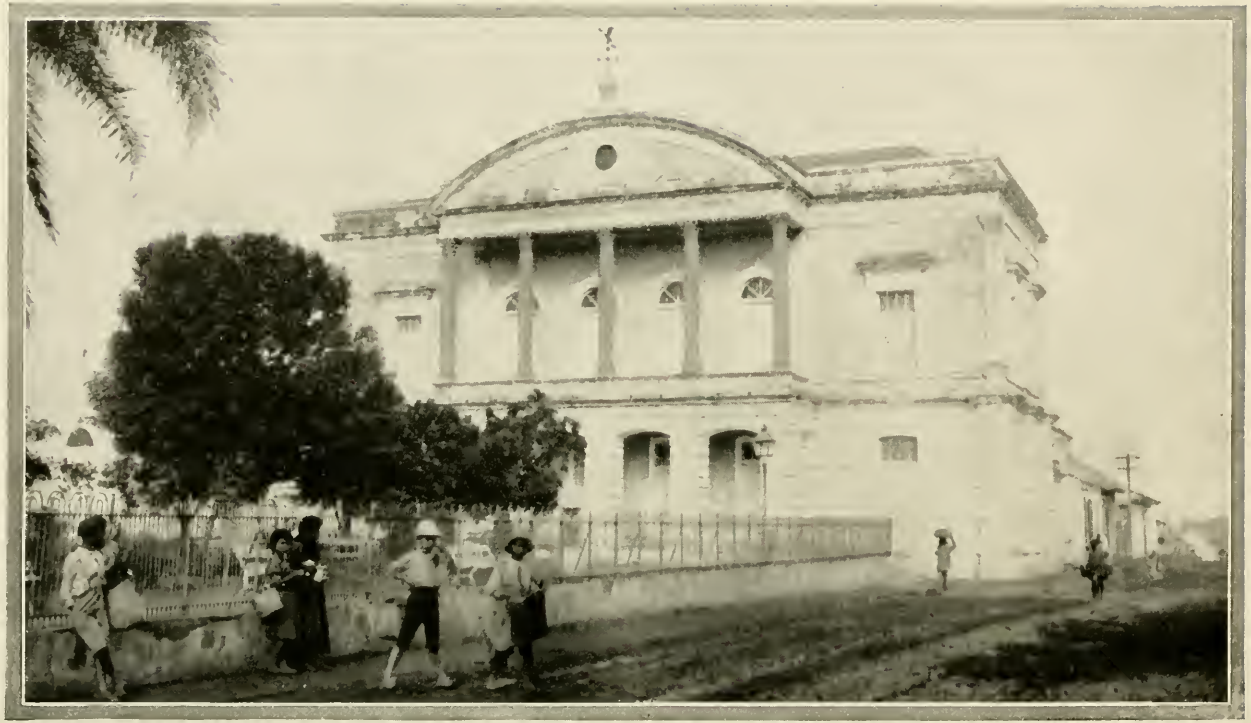
CHAPTER III.

THE MECCA OF MECCAS.

WE WERE glad to get away from the squalid little inn in La Vega, but as we rode out on the muddy trail to Moca we doubted that we had bettered ourselves. We had never seen mud quite so sloppy or so deep, but our valiant mules somehow kept above ground. There was no other way to connect with the Santiago-Puerto Plata Railway, but one compensation lay *en route*—the view of the Vega Real from the heights of Cerro Santo, the Sacred Mountain. Here Columbus stood when he first beheld the great valley. One hundred miles it stretches from this mountain to Samana Bay. Now towns, roads and the railway lay below us on the plain with the same sea of palms which waved a welcome to the Great Admiral. La Vega Real, he christened it, "The Royal Meadows," and all agree with him that there is none on earth more beautiful.

The break between the two railroads of the Cibao looks but a step from the Cerro Santo. We were told in La Vega that this missing link is due to the exorbitant price put on certain cacao and coffee lands. We also heard that the ten miles of road between La Vega and Moca is vastly superior to the average Dominican highway. If this is true, aëroplanes had better start up business. The road has such an unpleasant habit of running back and forth across the river; or perhaps the road is straight and the river does the "serpentine." At any rate, we were thankful to reach Moca and secure train connection all the way to the coast.

Moca was the home of the late Ramon Caceres, the Farmer President, who owned the largest cacao estate in the Cibao. Here he spent the greater portion of his time away from the cares of state. As its name implies, Moca is also known to



MUNICIPAL BUILDING, SANTIAGO DE LOS CABALLEROS, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

local fame as a coffee center. Although raised mostly for home consumption, $250,000 worth of coffee was shipped last year. This was a big falling off from 1912, when over $566,000 worth was exported. That old rascal, "Drought," was at the bottom of it again.

It is a short run by rail to Santiago, more properly, Santiago de los Caballeros, founded back in 1504 by special permission from King Ferdinand of Spain as a grant to *hidalgos* of noble blood—*hijos de algos*—"sons of somebody." The "de los Caballeros" made of Santiago "A City of Gentlemen" and the inhabitants still insist on their full title. Here are the most conservative and purely "Dominican" people of the country.

The city is an important tobacco center, the exports of leaf tobacco amounting to $1,000,000 annually, shipped for the most part to Hamburg. This tobacco sells for about $5 per hundred pounds. Some very good cigars are made in the country. The dried leaves of the Royal palm, called *guana*, are used as a protection for the tobacco as it comes into town from the country, packed in huge panniers swung on the backs of horses and burros.

In Santiago we ate our first cakes made from banana flour. The delicious flavor of the fruit is retained when dried and pulverized. There is surely a future ahead for this industry.

TOBACCO READY FOR SHIPMENT, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

With a modern evaporating plant all the "rejected for shipment" bananas can be promptly converted into "Fine Banana-Flake Breakfast Food—Delicious, Digestible, Desirable." Some enterprising Yankee ought to put it on the market. It should, at least, beat wooden nutmegs.

We were interested to learn that the Dominican Republic is one of the few places on earth which has amber in any great quantity, the bulk of the world's supply being found on the Baltic seacoast. Amber, which is simply fossilized rosin derived from certain coniferous trees, is found near Santiago in sandstone bordering the beds of streams, but the deposits have not yet been studied scientifically. So this country can furnish not only the wood for the making of a pipe and the tobacco to fill it, but can finish the pipe with an amber tip and supply matchwood on the side.

We enjoyed the forty-two mile railroad "glide" from the plateau down to the sea. A rack system is used on a portion of the line and its operation is most expensive, four locomotives being required to elevate a loaded train. This spells "rack and ruin" to the receipts. A longer route has been surveyed which will eliminate the cogwheel system. An American improvement company built the road over twenty years ago, Belgium furnishing the money and the Dominicans guaranteeing the interest. The improvement company made all the money, as it had an earning agreement with the Government, and Belgium had to whistle for her interest. Finally the improvement company was forced to sell out to the Dominicans.

We met an American on the train who had absorbed a lot of specific knowledge of the country during eight years' service on a sugar estate. He looked promising, so we attacked him soon after we left Santiago with the direct question: "What is wrong, anyway, with this country?"

"With the country?" he replied. "Nothing. It's the people, the country is rich enough. It could support six million instead of a few hundred thousand. Why, over in the Cibao the soil is richer than the mud of the Nile! But you saw how few people cultivate it. Robinson Crusoe had more inhab-

itants on his island than they have in whole sections here. Trouble is, they all want to be President, even if they get shot for it. They certainly did need us Americans down here to count the cash. And, will you believe it, even with all the fighting going on this last year, the volume of business passed the record. Nature just produced the goods in spite of the Dominicans. Duties high? Yes, many imports are taxed eighty and ninety per cent and this puts a check on develop-

SOLDIER-POLICEMEN OF THE REPUBLIC.

ment. I can't see why Uncle Sam doesn't have them reduce the duties. They are paying off the $20,000,000 debt altogether too speedily. When it's all paid up, the American receiver will have to pack his grip and get out, and then the politicians will get their grip on the treasury and there will be a revival of the dear old business of killing each other."

In dealing with the Dominican Republic's affairs the United States authorities have a knotty problem to solve. It has developed that the Wilson administration is not fully satisfied with the policy of the last administration in virtually assuming a protectorate over the republic. President Wilson,

it is said, is not entirely in sympathy with the way in which Americans took control of the Dominican finances. Measures were taken whereby the customs revenues were apportioned so that certain "bad debts" were to be paid off, and it has been charged that some of the debts given preference were those of Wall Street financiers. This claim is always made.

Puerto Plata is wonderfully situated on a peninsula, with cooling breezes from either side. It is the chief commercial port of the Republic, but not so much of a city in appearance as Santo Domingo or Santiago. It does not look old, nor is it especially interesting, although it was founded in the sixteenth century and has played its rôle in the island's history. This poor city has hardly missed a single revolution and, in fact, has been the bull's-eye in all political disturbances. The people have become accustomed to small rations and the smell of gunpowder.

Monte Cristi, sixty-five miles to the west, is another coast port, where the climate is less tropical than at Puerto Plata; in fact it lies in a semi-arid belt which parallels the eastern border of the Republic. They are beginning to raise cotton here with promising results.

Halfway between Puerto Plata and Monte Cristi is the Mecca of Meccas for every one of us in the New World. Here, hidden in a deserted thicket, on a point where the Bajabonico River meets the sea, lie the ruins of the oldest Christian settlement in the Americas. This was Isabela, the first town which Columbus built.

We hope that some day a statue may be erected here in honor of the Great Admiral. In bronze he should stand through the years by the earth-covered fort of old Isabela, pointing westward where "the course of empire takes its way," though the time has arrived when the famous phrase should be altered to read, "Southward the course of empire takes its way," since nearly all the best and cheapest lands in the world now lie south of the United States, not west.

REPUBLIC OF HAITI

Area, 10,204 square miles, a little larger than the State of Maryland — Population, 1913, estimated at 2,500,000, majority negroes—Chief resources, tobacco, sugar, cacao, cotton, coffee, timber, agriculture; have copper, iron and coal, but are little developed—Total exports, 1912 (latest obtainable), $17,285,485; imports, $9,876,555—Debt, gold, $24,362,699; paper currency, $15,514,812—Army, 1913, about 25,000—Navy, 4 small vessels—Railway, 350 miles building; telegraph lines, 124 miles—Capital, Port-au-Prince, population, 100,000—President, General Orestes Zamor.

CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK REPUBLIC.

WHILE Haiti is not a United States colony and is not so closely connected with the American Government in a financial way as the Dominican Republic, its relation to our country is such that a description of it will, no doubt, be of much interest.

As far as we are aware, Haiti's story has never been really staged in a literary sense. There is so much action that it would require three rings and several side shows to do it justice. It certainly lends itself to a black-face tragedy or a melodrama with blood and thunder in every scene. There would be enough material left over for a first-class minstrel show and a gorgeous costume piece. But, as a motion-picture film, it would hardly get by the censor.

Since 1804, when the slaves slashed their way to freedom and launched a Black Republic, twenty-three rulers have essayed the rôle of "leading man" with disastrous results. Three were shot, two were poisoned, one was dynamited, one suicided. This accounts for seven. Eleven were driven into exile; two died in office; only three left the presidential chair personally intact. Rather a poor record to hand to a life insurance agent, for instance.

This fertile country, where the white man is not allowed to own land, is an interesting study. Its childlike people have been bullied, ridiculed, exploited and maligned in turn, through the years. Once it was the richest of French possessions, the most productive bit of earth for its size on the globe. Negroes by the thousands were imported to toil on the white man's sugar estates. Then came the era of bloodshed, the battle of the slaves for freedom, led by the really noble Toussaint L'Ouverture, the greatest man the black race has ever produced. Trapped by the French, L'Ouverture died in a European prison, and his savage general, Dessalines, led the slaves to victory. No less a man than Rochambeau, commanding the flower of Napoleon's army, lowered the colors of France.

STATUE OF DESSALINES, PORT-A PRINCE, HAITI.

Born in Africa, or the offspring of savages captured in the jungles of the Dark Continent, the Haitians were ill-fitted for self-government and have been left to work out their own salvation. The world has not held out the helping hand.

Our steamer arrived at Port-au-Prince at daybreak, and we wish we could say that the town at near view looks as well as it does from the sea. Terracing up the mountain side, framed in verdure, no Caribbean city is more beautifully situated. Docking at the best pier in the West Indies, we passed a well-built customhouse, but from there on we seemed to note only the things that were missing.

It is all very well for them to remind one that $200,000 has just been spent on street improvements; that there is an electric plant; a new system of water works; a cathedral costing half a million; a national bank; schools, colleges and hospitals. The

Haitians deserve credit for all this. But the traveler sees only the dirt and squalor and feels that he has strayed into the back yard by mistake. If one can stay in a villa up on the hills, where the aristocratic Haitians live, one is all right. If one must stay at a hotel down in the town, where microbes fly merrily about in the dust of unsprinkled streets, one is all wrong. There are 100,000 people in the capital, blacks, mulattoes and about 500 foreigners. White is not a fashionable shade. The national motto is "Haiti for the Haitians."

"Generals are thicker than flies down here," the steamer captain told us, and on the very first street back of the waterfront we met a batch of officers, dazzling beyond description, their multi-colored uniforms heavily incrusted with gilt. We followed some tattered soldiers to a public square. They did not seem in the least belligerent. Some sprawled in the shade chewing sugar cane; others accosted us with the one scrap of English on the tongue of every Haitian private, "Give me five cents."

There are over 20,000 of these ragamuffins under arms and probably 6,000 bedecked officers. The privates receive prac-

8 TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN PORT-AU-PRINCE.

A COMPANY OF HAITIAN SOLDIERS AND OFFICERS.

tically no pay, but pick up a little cash when off duty by doing odd chores. We saw six of them washing bottles in a soda-water factory. Much of the national vitality is lost in this irregular army, useless to repel invasion, always making trouble at home. As the President is usually a military chief who happens to get possession of the troops, bayonets have an important bearing on his tenure of office, and as a German merchant expressed it, "Here in Haiti you can do about anything with a bayonet excepting sit on it."

"But why under the sun do they have so many generals?" we asked.

"Well, you see it's an old custom," he said. "They were always afraid the French would come back and take the country. So they decided to have a skeleton army in the background with plenty of officers in the front row and call in the field hands in case of trouble. They all want to be generals. A general can rent soldiers out for all sorts of work and keep half the money. A big politician managed to get a general's commission for his prospective son and heir, some years ago, but the child turned out to be a girl."

PORT-AU-PRINCE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

We photographed a good many generals and believe that the camera is the most effective weapon that can be used against them. It always brings them to a halt and a heroic pose.

In spite of their early hatred of the French, the Haitians speak the tongue of their former masters and are very fond of high-sounding Latin names, "Bonaparte" and "Voltaire" being great favorites. They draw on mythology, on the sciences, in fact, they will soar to any height. We met a "General Neptune" and a "General Oxygen." Perfectly good names, we suppose. We did not meet a "General Debility."

A number of fairly creditable Government buildings face the Champ de Mars, the main square of the capital. Here is the platform, with the Royal palm, typical of every Haitian city, called the "Altar of the Country." It seems to be a sort of national shrine. Ornamenting the railing of the platform are busts of heroes, L'Ouverture, Dessalines, Pétion and others, and, what strikes the traveler as strange at first, all the marble faces are black.

A tragedy in the Champ de Mars was the blowing up of the presidential mansion in 1912, killing Chief Executive Leconte and 600 others, a very terrible affair. A new Haitian White House (or perhaps we should say say "Black House") is to be erected on this site.

The Simon administration ended in ignominious flight across the Champ de Mars to the pier, when the President and his followers sought refuge on the island of Jamaica, the adopted home of dark gentlemen in trouble. Simon had planned to leave on a gunboat, but all were out of commission, so he boarded an American schooner.

Haiti has had sad luck with her navy, and is at present all "black and blue" over her efforts to make real tars of her dusky landsmen. The last coffee bean was expended in purchasing a fleet of broken-down tugs and yachts, all of which apparently yearned to become submarines, some with complete success.

The *Conserva*, purchased on the bargain counter in Brooklyn, sailed for her new home on a foggy morning. She

SCREENING COFFEE IN THE STREET, PORT-AU-PRINCE.

was a leaky tub, and after passing Sandy Hook was never heard of again. So far as is known, not a soul survived.

The old yacht *Earl King* was also a New York purchase, and under the proud title of *Liberté*, lasted a full year before blowing up with seventy unfortunate Haitians.

Some speculators unloaded the antique Italian cruiser *Umbria* on President Simon, and a native engineer soon had her ready for the junk pile. The engineer's previous experience had been on a narrow-gauge railroad. The first officer had formerly occupied the position of *chef* at a hotel in Port-au-Prince.

The gunboat *Centenaire* was sent to Jamaica for repairs and condemned as worthless. *The Seventeenth of December*, a large yacht of American construction, got as far as Haiti on her maiden voyage and broke down. The gunboat *Ferrier*, formerly the $1,000,000 yacht *America*, after lying in pawn for months in the Delaware River, waiting in vain for necessary repair funds from Haiti, was at last sold to the University

THE NEW MARKET, PORT-AU-PRINCE.

of Pennsylvania and sent up the Amazon on an exploring expedition. Here it was finally abandoned as unseaworthy.

Uncle Sam at last showed pity and allowed Commander White, engineer officer of the United States Navy, a year's leave of absence to undertake the reorganization of the "Black Armada." All his Yankee ingenuity will be required to doctor up Haiti's ocean cripples and he certainly will be handicapped if the Haitians are able to translate his name!

If you want to see the people of Haiti at their liveliest, take your smelling salts and sally forth to the marketplace. You will find one market well housed, where the food is shaded from the fierce tropic sun, and another, more popular, in an open square. Here the glistening white cathedral with its stately spires seems out of tune with the surroundings, as it towers above overladen donkeys, sun-spoiled products and a chattering, perspiring crowd of blacks.

As we stood on the cathedral steps looking down on this motley array, two Haitians of the educated class passed by engaged in an animated discussion as to the merits of a certain drama just produced in Paris. One carried a well-known French periodical under his arm. The other, my guide informed me, was a poet of local fame. In spite of the extreme heat they were attired in top hats and frock coats, the necessary essentials for every Haitian who wishes to be taken seriously.

The American legation, although situated in town instead of up in the pure air of the hills, is a pretentious building. The new American minister, Mr. Bailey Blanchard, will probably have a villa on the heights, at some distance from the capital, where the full beauty of the island and the remarkable situation of Port-au-Prince can be appreciated.

A Government proclamation issued during our visit stated that a loan of $1,500,000 was to be negotiated for further public works. The Haitian capital has been improved greatly in recent years. In time, if the revolutionists will permit the good work to keep on, it may live up in a half-hearted way, at least, to its charming environment.

CHAPTER II.

PEOPLE, TOWNS AND RESOURCES.

LIKE a pail overflowing with blackberries is Haiti, the Ebony Land. There are 2,500,000 inhabitants, 240 to the square mile, a population seven times as compact as in the United States. The Black Republic is an earnest contestant in the race of nations for density of population, led only, in the New World, by Porto Rico, Salvador and Barbados. Eighty per cent of the natives are full-blooded negroes, the remainder mulattoes. Whites are such a negligible quantity as to show hardly a trace in the analysis. The inky-hued have always shown aversion even to the mulattoes, and very few Haitian Presidents have exhibited a tinge of the deadly white on the pure black of their escutcheons.

When roused by the fear of recurrent white domination, these happy-go-lucky children of nature revert to savagery, fighting to preserve for their own this one little isle of the earth where they are working out their dusky destiny.

"Are Americans popular down here?" we asked an educated Haitian who spoke English fluently.

"Black ones might be, if they came," he answered, "but they seldom do. The Americans we usually see are the promoters who come to get Government concessions for railroads and municipal improvements, and this always means another mortgage on our coffee crop. If you want the truth, the Stars and Stripes were formerly much respected, but, about six years ago, a revolution broke out up the coast at St. Marc, and several of the leaders, when pursued, sought refuge in the American consulate. The Haitian Government cabled Washington and Washington replied, ordering the consul to give up the rebels. They were taken out and shot and the bitterness of their sympathizers has grown with the years."

AN OLD FRENCH AQUEDUCT, HAITI.

We found, in spite of much ill feeling against Americans and whites in general, that we are doing business in Haiti. The McDonald Syndicate has a big railroad concession; A. M. Archer has but recently restored the old French irrigation system near Port-au-Prince for the Government and installed electric plants in a number of cities; Berlin & March, an American firm, have the street-paving contract in the capital, and American companies are cutting and exporting hardwoods and developing a copper mine.

United States firms also manage to supply the bulk of Haiti's needs, selling them about $6,000,000 of their average annual imports of about $9,000,000 per year, while Great Britain, France and other countries trail behind in the race for trade. Not one of them has got into the million-dollar class!

Out on the country roads we noticed that most of the plump black *madames* and *mademoiselles* bringing produce into town were clad in blue denim, and curiosity led us to inquire where the cloth came from. A German merchant admitted with a show of feeling that it was not manufactured

in Hamburg. "It is Yankee trash," he said. We learned later that the goods came from Massachusetts and outclassed everything of the sort that the Germans could produce in color, wearing quality and price.

Last year we sold the Haitians 150 typewriters and 2,000 sewing machines. And wonder of wonders, we sold them 2,500,000 fishhooks! Every native gets one American hook per year, so the European merchants will begin to say that we win the trade by "hook or crook," with an accent on the crook! But this is mere trade jealousy and we will keep on fishing.

Haiti's exports last year were about $18,000,000, but Uncle Sam, after looking over the stock, decided there was very little he cared to buy. He did select some logwood to

BUSY DAY AT A HAITIAN LAUNDRY.

A SAND-BOX TREE, HAITI. THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL TROPICAL TREES.

use as a dye, a few goat skins and 1,000 tortoise shells—the whole lot worth only $350,000. All the rest went to Europe, over two-thirds to France. German merchants formerly made fortunes in handling Haitian products. There was no magic in it. They bought on the bargain counter, and poor Haiti, spending every cent in sight, has only been able to import half the value of her exports.

The coffee bean is the mainstay of the country. Over 50,000,000 pounds were exported last year. The soil of the island is so rich that scarcely any effort is required to produce this "national meal-ticket." Trees planted 300 years ago by the French are still bearing, although Mother Nature begins to cry for assistance and crops are diminishing. Brazil became for a time a fairy godmother to all the little coffee-producing countries of the world by maintaining prices with Government assistance, so the value of Haiti's output gradually increased in spite of diminished production, until we tried to run South America by mixing in Brazil's business, and, not understanding the situation, lost friends. Since then, the coffee price has

weakened. Women do the picking and are far more industrious than the men, but the really busy ones of the island are the bees. They manage to supply enough honey for local demand and 200,000 gallons for export; just as a side line, they produce 100,000 pounds of beeswax.

In Port-au-Prince we passed a shoe factory and stepped in to look it over. We were surprised to find such a well-equipped plant. Only native workmen are employed, two hundred of them. One proprietor tans his own leather and is able to produce a finished shoe at a lower price than French or American importations. Of course our shoe machines were used.

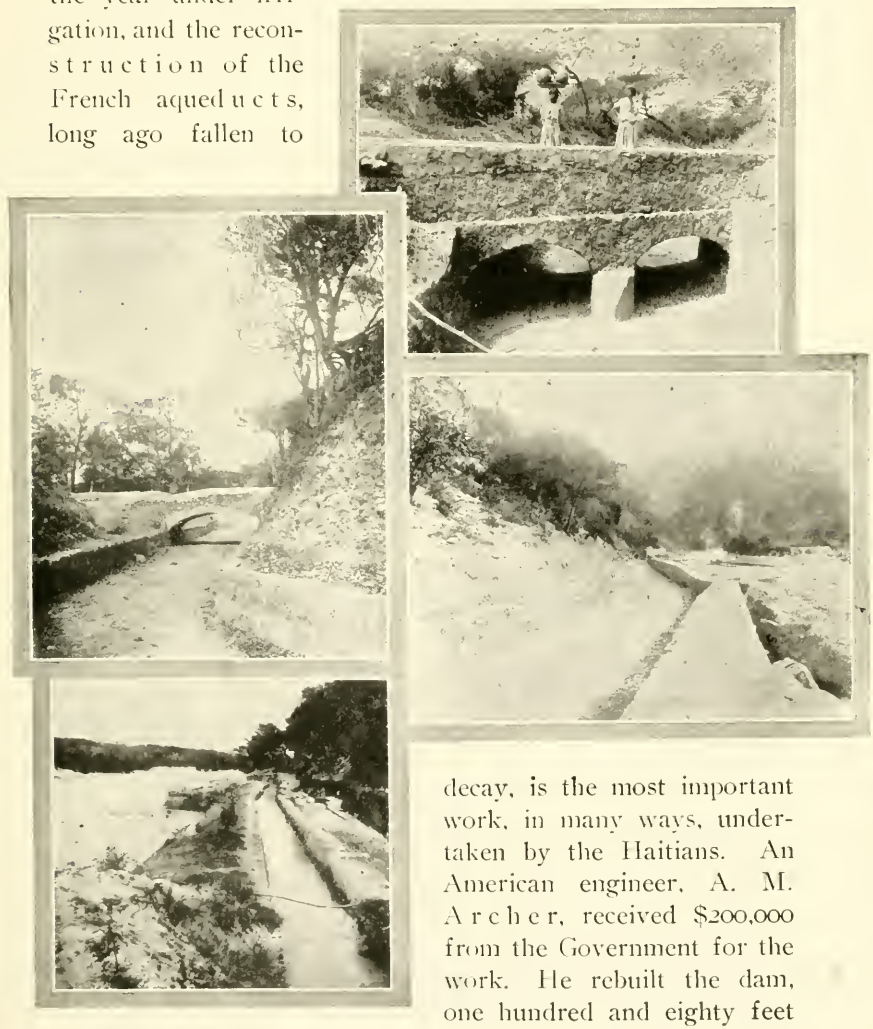
The capital has five miles of steam tramway and is the terminus of railroads extending in three directions—westward along the coast to the rich vale of Leogane; eastward across the fertile plain of the Cul-de-Sac to the great lakes on the Dominican frontier; northward toward St. Marc.

We rode out to Leogane with the American construction superintendent. The road, he informed us, was built by the Plains Railway Company, Haitian, German and American interests, and cost $12,000 a mile. It has paid from the start. The vice-president lives in New York. The line taps ninety square miles of the richest soil of the Republic, a plain sloping gradually to the sea, well watered by three mountain streams. We found sugar, cacao and cotton under cultivation. Haiti exported 12,000,000 pounds of cotton and cotton seed last year. The fiber is not so long as that grown in the United States, but could be greatly improved by proper seed selection. Cheap land and cheap labor make this branch of industry remunerative on a large scale, but the area is limited.

On the parent railroad of the country, we traveled from Port-au-Prince up to the border lakes, crossing the richest large area of the Republic, the locally famous plain of the Cul-de-Sac. In Haiti the term "plain" is used simply to distinguish between the general mountainous character of the island and the stretches of more or less level land. "Haiti" is an old Indian name meaning "High Land." They tell a story of how King George III. asked a British admiral how the island looked.

"It looks just like this," he answered, as he crumpled a piece of paper and threw it on the table. In fact, a good part of the country seems to stand on end, not having room to spread.

The Cul-de-Sac Railroad is a very light-weight affair, but has been highly profitable, as it taps the garden of the French Colonial *régime*. Then the whole plain bloomed throughout the year under irrigation, and the reconstruction of the French aqueducts, long ago fallen to decay, is the most important work, in many ways, undertaken by the Haitians. An American engineer, A. M. Archer, received $200,000 from the Government for the work. He rebuilt the dam, one hundred and eighty feet



GLIMPSES OF THE RESTORED FRENCH IRRIGATION SYSTEM.

in length and twenty-seven feet high, and cleared a main canal twenty feet wide, extending ten miles across the plain. A second canal is sixteen miles long. Water is fed into the lower channel by means of a 2,800-foot siphon. Much of the old French construction was utilized. This work restores cultivation to a tract parched in the dry season, and sugar and cotton plantations have come into their own again.

Our train climbed one thousand feet in the twenty-eight miles between Port-au-Prince and Lake Saumatre, but seemed much higher above sea level, for the woods bordering the lake are rather of the temperate zone. The pine tree flourishes here, and two years ago revolutionists destroyed a profitable sawmill. The owners, the Peters Brothers, although born in the country, were British subjects, so it was the captain of a British warship who collected the indemnity, not very long ago, after threatening to blow up Port-au-Prince, if it was not forthcoming.

The view from the heights above Saumatre is marvelously beautiful. In the distance we could see the twin lake, Enriquillo, extending into Dominican territory. At our feet, the Cul-de-Sac was spread out like a map. It was a first-class geography lesson. A good hotel would make these heights a popular summer resort for the upper-class Haitians, who now stick close to their villas on the hills above Port-au-Prince.

SIGNALING IN THE PORT OF JACMEL, HAITI.

A STREET IN AUX CAYES, SOUTHERN HAITI.

The McDonald Railroad, now building, will traverse the country from Port-au-Prince to Cap Haitien, a distance of two hundred miles, with branch lines into the interior. The valley of the Artibonite, the largest river of the island will be tapped. Stretches of the road are already constructed, the one up the coast from the capital now reaching L'Arcahaie, an important banana plantation.

We never saw elsewhere such a forest of bananas as at L'Arcahaie. The fruit is the staple article of diet of the peasants, and they give you raw bananas for breakfast, fried bananas for luncheon, banana-flour cakes for dinner, and fried plantains in between meals. These plants are staples of the tropics. It was from here banana plants were taken to Africa.

No railroad as yet connects the capital with the towns of Aux Cayes and Jacmel, on the south coast, but the Dutch steamers on their voyage between New York and Amsterdam touch here, as did the French and, formerly, German lines bound from Jamaica to Porto Rico. From the sea these towns are picturesque, but on landing we found them very dirty and

NATIVES AT A WELL, AUX CAYES, SOUTHERN HAITI.

CAKES AND GLASSWARE FOR SALE, AUX CAYES, HAITI.

unsanitary. They export much coffee, cotton and dye-wood, and the few foreigners engaged in business look a woe-begone, homesick lot. One cannot imagine a worse fate than to be stranded in Aux Cayes, which is also called Les Cayes and just Cayes.

The traveler who sees only these coast towns of Haiti forms a poor and a partial impression of the country as a whole. Fortunately for our opinion of the Haitians, we visited interior villages where the people are far more cleanly, where we obtained a very different idea of the independent black man and his future than can be gained among the shifting cosmopolitan population of a port. Though Haiti as a subordinate unit among the nations of the earth is undesirably defective both in organization and people, the fact must not be overlooked that here is the first attempt of black men to conduct a civilized government. When it is considered that not so very long ago this line of human beings were jungle-men, afterward debased by years of slavery, one must admit that they are doing very well. Here, at least, they have not the white man's competition to meet, an inexorable force that scientific men have asserted must ultimately wear out and destroy the black race wherever it has been injected into the main human stream. Hence, the Haitians are to be congratulated, and who knows but that this little Republic may, through example, prove to be the ultimate salvation of the colored race? We hope so.

CHAPTER III.

THE REAL HAITIANS.

WE NEEDED no alarm clock the day we started on our saddle journey from Port-au-Prince to Cap Haitien. Every morning, bright and early, at the witching hour of four o'clock, the bugle wails forth from the Champ de Mars. The racket continues for a half-hour, so it is hardly possible to indulge in further sleep.

This particular morning the bugle call was augmented by the cries of an angry populace and, rushing into our riding togs, we ran down to the street, expecting to find a dress rehearsal for a first-class revolution. The excitement was due, we learned, to the noncompliance of the Syrian merchants of the capital with a recent presidential decree. It seems they had been ordered to take out a well-nigh prohibitory license before conducting any further business. The time limit had expired, and the several hundred big-eyed Syrians were a badly scared lot that morning, as the Haitians had decided to eject them, bag and baggage, from the country.

The French minister now came to the rescue, filing a protest against their banishment, and troops were called out to maintain order. Many of the frightened merchants sought refuge in the French legation; others boarded a German steamer bound for New York. We learned afterward that our port doctors found a case of leprosy aboard, and had the ship fumigated and the party isolated. But just what to do with them became a problem. Haiti would not welcome their return, while Uncle Sam did not intend to include lepers in the list of Haitian imports. They were finally sent back to Haiti and placed under the protection of the French minister.

In our journey across the island, we followed the right of way and completed portions of the McDonald Railroad, being

BRINGING VEGETABLE ROPE TO MARKET.

A RURAL FERRY IN HAITI.

built with New York capital. This concession has caused great uneasiness throughout Haiti, for, while the educated class realize that such a road means everything to the country, the masses see only the advent of the white man and are suspicious and distrustful.

It is a matter of history that the granting of a cabinet-wood concession to Americans caused the overthrow of President Nord Alexis, and President Simon's downfall was due to his friendly attitude toward foreigners. The original McDonald plan was most complete. It provided for the building of 350 miles of railroad, connecting the four principal seaports, at an expenditure of $13,000,000. It was considered rather a juicy concession, but Wall Street expects that sort of thing in planting money in a turbulent land. The bonds were issued for $32,000 a mile, drawing a guaranteed interest of six per cent from the Government. A fifty years' lease of all unoccupied lands for ten miles on either side of the road; a banana concession; and the right to operate a steamer line between Cap Haitien and foreign countries without port dues were included in the framing of the concession. After much lobbying, the bill went through, and a year before our visit the construction gang arrived with full equipment and began the laying of 8,000 tons of fifty-six-pound rails. Of the 1,500 employés we found that 200 were Americans. In September, 1913, the line Port-au-Prince to St. Marc was opened to traffic.

From the banana plantation of L'Arcahaie, seventeen miles up the coast from Port-au-Prince, where we left the railroad, our trail led to St. Marc, the coffee port, a day's saddle journey. We say the coffee port, in speaking of St. Marc, for this brand of coffee has become so famous in Europe that it seemed to be shipped from every Haitian port. We found this a bit bewildering until initiated into the devious ways of coffee export.

There is no more attractive ride in the tropics than the one between L'Arcahaie and St. Marc. The road borders a sparkling, iridescent sea, shaded by overbranching trees. On the other side are coffee and cotton estates, terracing up the hillsides. In St. Marc there is neither hotel nor club. You can

sleep at the barracks, or pitch camp in the square. If you come with letters, perhaps some foreign buyer of coffee will take you in.

The second day's ride carried us on to Gonaïves, a logwood port, with an excellent harbor, and a very dry and healthful climate. Haiti has every variety of clime and scenery, from steaming tropic valleys to semi-arid plains. Gonaïves is overwhelmingly proud of being the birthplace of Haitian independence, but it is a squalid little town. It boasts a club, however, where the traveler is hospitably received. Here we lounged on a shady veranda overlooking the waterfront and watched men loading logwood, hides and honey—a unique combination—on board a New York steamer.

We chatted with a superintendent of construction on the McDonald Railroad and found him greatly impressed with the possibilities of the country.

"Fertile? Well, rather!" he said. "And I have no complaint to make against the Haitian workmen. They think thirty cents a day good wages. But, you see, they don't have to work all the time to keep alive. They can go out most anywhere and pick a mango or a plantain, and rum, coffee and cigarettes are absurdly cheap. This all makes for indolence, and a slipshod mode of living. Drink? Yes, they get away with a lot of *taffia*, the native rum, but they are more temperate than darkies I've employed elsewhere."

"What do you know about the Voodoo?" we asked the railroad man who had lived there long enough really to know the people. This horrible form of sorcery with its cannibalistic rites, brought over by the slaves from Africa, has long been a headliner in the newspapers.

"Oh, you hear about it all the time," he answered, "but usually from people who have never been out of the capital. I've traveled everywhere myself and have never seen it. I've watched a good many of the so-called Voodoo dances, too, but they seen to be just ordinary 'boozefests,' in the good old English of the States. The French-jabbering blacks just love to dance, and they do prance about outlandishly to the thump-

ing of a crude sort of drum. They keep it up all night. But I don't take much stock in this yarn of their eating little children. Perhaps, 'way back in the mountains, they may have an old-fashioned 'snowflake party' now and then, the sort their grandfathers loved, but I don't think they ever get beyond the sacrifice of roosters and an occasional goat."

And this is about all we could learn of Voodooism from any one who really knew the country.

The trail from Gonaïves to Cap Haitien on the north coast leaves the shore and strikes into the interior, across the mountains. Up, up, we toiled, from the cactus to the palm, from the palm to the pine, until we reached the wonderful valley of Plaisance, not only the gem of Haiti, but all tropical America. This is the botanist's Paradise. From pine-clad heights we dropped down into Nature's prize conservatory, massed with ferns, orchids, and every variety of climbing vine. The little rain-swept village of Plaisance is a revelation to the traveler, something distinctly different from the unkempt towns of the

SOLDIERS AND CHURCH IN PLAISANCE, NORTHERN HAITI.

coast. Here happy-faced, neatly-clad people were in every cabin doorway. There was none of that "back-yard look" we associate with colored folks of the poorer class. These were the real Haitians, we decided, the dignified, self-respecting country folk, untainted by a poor quality of white blood. In these natives of interior valley and highland plain lies, perhaps, the real hope for the Black Republic.

The way on to Cap Haitien follows the fine old French highway, amid such magnificent scenery as one associates with greater mountain ranges. In Plaisance we slept in the home of a kind French priest and next evening reached the Club Union in Cap Haitien, a very comfortable club where foreigners live, Germans for the most part.

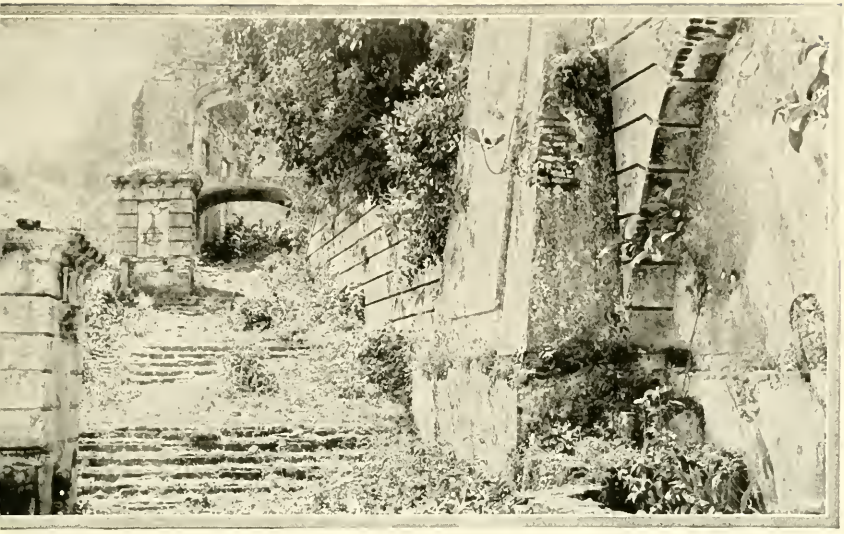
Cap Haitien was the "Cap François" of the French, truly "The Little Paris of the New World," and today, in spite of years of devastation and degeneration, it is the most French of all Haitian towns in architecture. As we stood among the ruins of the crumbling palace back of the town, we conjured up brilliant scenes of other days, when Pauline Bonaparte, sister of Napoleon, held court here, as the wife of the French General Leclerc. Her dissipations and follies and Leclerc's death from yellow fever are part of the tragic tale of France's lost garden colony.

Returning to Paris, Pauline cut her beautiful hair and buried it in her husband's casket. "What a touching tribute to wifely devotion!" some one remarked to Napoleon. "Oh, she knows that her hair is bound to fall out, since she, too, had the fever," said Napoleon, cynically. "She is quite sure that it will come in longer and thicker for being cropped."

Some miles inland from "The Cape," as the foreigners call Cap Haitien, is the African Versailles, the ruined palace of Sans Souci, built by Christophe, the Black Napoleon. After the death of Dessalines, the first Haitian ruler, the country was divided between two of his generals. Christophe, appointing himself "King Henry," ruled in the north.

Sans Souci, King Henry's royal palace, was furnished marvelously, in the best European style. Two American ladies

RUINS OF SANS SOUCI, PALACE OF KING CHRISTOPHE, AT MILOT, NEAR CAP HAITIEN.



RUINS OF THE "STAIRWAY OF HONOR," PALACE OF SANS SOUCI.

from Philadelphia came down to instruct the regal black princesses. High up on a mountain, overlooking palace, plain and sea, Christophe built the great fortress of La Ferrière, today the most remarkable ruin in the Western Hemisphere. Here galleries filled with hundreds of cannon looked down on the path of French ships and the might of La Ferrière towered across the sea. It is said that 30,000 men lost their lives in the building of this grim giant citadel, for Christophe was as cruel as he was strong. Those who could not do his bidding were thrown valleyward to their death.

He copied his court life from the monarchies of the Old World, creating a full line of nobles. There was a "Duke of Marmalade" and a "Count of Lemonade" (names of Haitian districts). One poor man was forced to bear the title, "Count d'Coco." No doubt he was lucky to keep his "coco" on his neck!

Christophe did much to promote agriculture. He even brought plows from the States, and American experts to

operate them. He tried to educate his people, introducing the Protestant religion. Today the American Protestant Episcopal Church spends $12,000 a year here and has fifteen colored clergymen. There are seventeen other Protestant missions in the country, 30,000 converts in all, out of 2,500,000 people.

After years of firm rule, in which he accomplished wonders, Christophe's luck turned. Escaping from revolting slaves, he suicided at La Ferrière.

We climbed up the fortress for the magnificent view and never have had a stiffer climb. It puts one in the Alpine class.

FORTRESS OF CHRISTOPHE AND THE GALLERY OF CANNON, HAITI.

From the parapet we looked down on the little village of Milot, with its moss-grown ruin of Sans Souci; on the white highroad to Cap Haitien; on the seacoast from the

Dominican border to the island of Tortuga. From Tortuga came the buccaneers who first settled Haiti. There seem to be a good many blots on the country's escutcheon.

But taking it all in all—tragic past history, blood lines, racial prejudice—no doubt we fortunate, civilized Americans have been and still are a little unsympathetic in our attitude toward Haiti and the Haitians. After all, these people of

THE TREE UNDER WHICH KING CHRISTOPHE RENDERED JUSTICE.

the Black Republic are only children in the evolution of the races. Why not treat them with tolerance and kindness rather than with ridicule and contempt? Their lot is a hard one, and they will finally go down in the march of civilization.

The Haitian situation is one of Uncle Sam's problems. As a republic, Haiti is a derelict. Not long ago, Captain Charles Young, a full-blooded American negro, one of two of his race who ever were graduated from an American military academy, spent three years in Haiti as a military *attaché*. He went armed with a knowledge of French. His conclusion, after a thorough study of conditions, was that Haiti could never succeed in maintaining a stable government—that its only hope lay in intervention by the United States, with local control left in the hands of the Haitian people.

Often the eyes of the European countries are turned greedily upon Haiti, and this makes the responsibility of the United States more weighty. Unsettled political conditions following the death of President Tancrede Auguste caused a German cruiser, which was coaling at St. Thomas, Danish West Indies, to be hurriedly dispatched to Port-au-Prince. This, of course, was a step to protect Germans in Haiti from danger in a possible revolution, but it illustrates the sort of problem which haunts Uncle

Sam. Michael Oreste, the new President of the Republic, opened his rule with an energetic suppression of the disorders which, as usual, marked the change of administration. However, he held the office less than a year, being succeeded February, 1914, by General Orestes Zamor, who has a real job ahead of him.

Another issue at stake, besides the progress of the Haitians, is the maintenance of peace between Haiti and the Dominican Republic. Two peoples, alien in blood, traditions, customs, language, occupy the same little isle, and the border feud has waged through the centuries. Since the seventeenth century, when the Tortuga buccaneers who settled Haiti raided the cattle ranges of the Spaniards on the eastern side of the island, the hatred has grown and the border line has been in dispute.

The Dominicans have the greater territory, the Haitians the larger population. It is natural, then, that the latter should have encroached on Dominican soil. The Haitian borderlands are immensely fertile, while the Dominican frontier is semi-arid. Nature seems to have marked the boundary.

After traveling through both republics, one forms the opinion that intervention is ultimately inevitable, if there is to be peace. But the administration of local affairs should be the people's. The strong must help the weak. The intelligent must educate the ignorant. And so we are compelled to prophesy that the responsibilities and assorted worries of Uncle Sam, self-appointed guardian of the lesser American republics, are bound to increase with the years. As a nation, we hope and believe, we will be equal to the great task that seems to be ours, and work out some fixed colonial policy. The past turbulent history of Haiti will surely be repeated in the Philippine Islands, should they be "turned loose" to struggle with the problem of attempting self-government.

THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE AND REPUBLIC OF PANAMA

Canal Zone, contains 286,720 acres—United States paid Republic of Panama $10,000,000 for the land, paid France $40,000,000 for Canal work and Panama Railway—Panama Railway, 48 miles long—Canal 50 miles long; cost to United States over $400,000,000, cost to France $340,000,000; total final cost, including interest, over $1,000,000,000—People employed in Canal during construction 40,000—Governor, Colonel George W. Goethals. Republic of Panama, area 32,000 square miles—Present population, estimated, 400,000—Free public schools 364—Chief resources, bananas, coffee, cacao, coconuts, cattle, rubber, vanilla, sugar, valuable woods, tobacco, pearls, minerals, excepting coal—Exports, 1913, $4,234,010; imports, $23,547,000—Capital, Panama City, population, estimated, 50,000—Governor, until 1916, Belisario Porras.

CHAPTER I.

THE CANAL AND REPUBLIC.

IT WAS my good fortune to go through the Panama Canal Zone on foot at the beginning of my travels in South America, over three years ago, and to study in this intimate way the work on what has been justly called the greatest engineering feat mankind ever attempted. When I was there in 1911 the Big Ditch was only partly completed, a vast army of men was busy with excavators, explosives and dredges, our engineers were in the midst of a struggle with Nature that called into play every resource of modern science and skill. Returning to the Isthmus recently, I saw the barriers torn away and the Canal an accomplished fact, a wonderful new highway "free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations on terms of entire equality," in accordance to the provisions of our treaties.

Though cargo ships are being floated from ocean to ocean,

there is much work to be done and many details to be completed before the plans of the Canal builders are fully realized. Nature has not yet been permanently subdued by the engineers. The great expenditure of treasure is by no means ended. But in giving the world this object lesson in American enterprise, ingenuity and perseverance, we have let no monetary considerations stand in our way. I can only repeat what I said

PROFILE MAP OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

two years ago in *Illustrated South America*. "We are shortening distance and thereby saving time, and, consequently, lengthening human lives. We must take our reward and satisfaction in that. . . . The final, ultimate effect on humanity of the expenditure of money by Governments must, of course, be considered, rather than whether or not the expenditure will make returns in cash, for the civilizing and broadening of the minds of men is, in the final analysis, the true profit."

The Panama Canal Zone is the most important of our outlying possessions. In many respects it is the most vitally valuable bit of land owned by the United States, internal or external. Because this peculiarly important possession of ours cuts directly through the heart of the Republic of Panama, from which country we obtained it, and because the United States has guaranteed the independence of this Republic in which the Canal Zone lies, it is only proper to take a glance at the land in which we have planted this great enterprise. The Republic of Panama is distinctly a United States dependency, and when one promises to "shoulder the

MR. BOYCE ON THE BAYANO RIVER, INTERIOR PANAMA.

NATIVE VILLAGE ON THE BAYANO RIVER, INTERIOR OF PANAMA REPUBLIC.

fights" of a country, however small, that country becomes interesting.

The Republic of Panama is not of very great area, though it embraces within its limits practically the whole of the American Isthmus. The area of the country is approximately 32,000 square miles. This is an estimate only, as no actual, careful survey has ever been made. Its total land frontier—that is, between Costa Rica on the north and Colombia on the south—is about 350 miles, while its combined coast line upon the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans aggregates 1,245 miles. Its greatest length is about 430 miles, with a varying width of 37 to 110 miles. Both coasts are studded with islands and indented with bays. The islands have been estimated to number something over 1,700, small and great. A backbone of mountains runs throughout the length of the country, rising into peaks at some points and falling to comparatively low elevations at others, as in the pass of Culebra, which we pierced in digging the Canal.

The country is bisected with hills and valleys, running up into the mountains, with alluvial stretches of level land along the seacoast upon either side. From this crooked, rambling

land 300 streams flow into the Pacific Ocean and 150 into the Atlantic Ocean waters. The slopes of the mountains and much of the low lands are covered with jungle and forest. This, briefly, is the topography of the Republic, the "baby brother" we have pledged ourselves to protect.

It has improved since we began associating with it. The Panama of today "shows off well" in contrast with the Panama of yesterday. While little more than a decade has passed since it became self-governing, its improvement and progress are very marked. All investigators agree on this point. Panama people may not exactly like to have it openly stated, but the fact remains that the rapid and great improvement in their national life could hardly have taken place without the helpful influence of their big Northern neighbor. Before we indirectly helped them to independence and separation from Colombia the history of the Isthmus was one of bickerings and revolutions. Since the bloodless revolution of November 3, 1903, which set them free, they have had peace, and have reaped the harvest of peace, which is progress.

One important thing we did, we made it possible for them to disband their standing army. This they did in 1904. This was a distinct blessing, since it is a fact that the army in almost every Latin-American country is a bone of contention between the rival political parties. Whichever party wins over the army is practically assured of gaining the Presidency and offices, and incidentally the treasury. Within a year after Panama gained its independence the Commander-in-Chief of the army laid a plot to overthrow the President of the Republic. The United States Government told him plainly that if he made a single move we would take charge. He "wilted" and quit. The standing army was no longer of any use in gathering political spoils, so it was disbanded. In point of fact, the Republic of Panama needs no army, since its peace and defense are guaranteed by the United States.

The human element of this tropical dependency of ours consisted of 386,745 persons, according to the last census taken, which was in 1911. This included 36,000 Indians, and 50,000

people under the jurisdiction of the Canal Zone. The latter number, which has greatly diminished since the practical completion of the Canal, should, of course, be deducted from the enumeration. Still, counting its natural increase since the last census, the Republic probably contains close to 400,000 people. The native inhabitants are mingled Spanish, Indian and Negro, speaking a Spanish dialect. There are some immigrants from Europe and the United States, and some 3,500 Chinese.

The country is divided into seven provinces, administered by Governors appointed by the President of the Republic. The principal towns are Panama City, upon the Pacific side, with an estimated present population of 50,000; Colon, on the Atlantic, with 25,000 or more; David, in the northern part, with something over 10,000; Los Santos with 8,000; Santiago, with some 7,000, and Bocas del Toro, built up by the banana interests of the United Fruit Company, with 6,000. Some of these cities have grown with great rapidity since the advent of the Canal builders in 1904. The city of Panama then had about 20,000 inhabitants, an old-fashioned, unsanitary Spanish town. Now it enjoys most of the conveniences of other modern cities, including taxicabs and an electric street railway. Colon also is rapidly being modernized. Their nearness to the eastern and western terminals of the great Canal of course stimulates them; to be near a big, vital thing like the Canal naturally "starts things."

However, outside the big centers, the wheels do not turn very rapidly. The great lack is adequate transportation facilities from the interior to the ports. One sees far too

DISTANT VIEW OF THE CITY OF PANAMA.

CORNER OF A PUBLIC SQUARE IN PANAMA CITY.

much produce going to market on pack-ponies and two-wheeled ox-carts over very poor roads. When Panama became a republic there was scarcely a road in it worthy of the name. Recently they have begun to "get busy" in road-building, the Government assisting with large sums of money. They have improved the cities, and are beginning to realize that to sustain the cities they must help the country, where agriculture has been in a primitive, backward condition.

Since the North Americans arrived in 1904, the Panama people have constructed municipal buildings, including school-

RAILWAY STATION, PANAMA CITY.

houses, in all of the important towns; a $1,000,000 national palace and theater in Panama City, a national institute for boys costing $800,000, and numerous other fine improvements, but they are painfully "shy" on railroads. Outside the Canal Zone line, they have only about 150 miles of track, consisting mainly of the United Fruit Company's road and branches in the province of Bocas del Toro, principally a banana-carrying road. However, the present administration of the Republic is planning the building of several electric lines, which, when they materialize, will aid the much needed development of the country.

CITY HALL, PANAMA CITY.

They have a lot of resources in the Republic; bananas galore, coffee and cacao, sugar, tobacco, mahogany and other valuable woods, and almost every common mineral except coal. It is an old volcanic region with a rich soil, and all it needs is the application of muscle and brains. It is begin-

A GLIMPSE OF COLON HARBOR.

UNITED STATES LEGATION BUILDING, PANAMA CITY. BUILT BY THE FRENCH.

ning to look as if these requisites were going to be brought to bear.

They have some wise laws and a pretty sound constitution. The President of the Republic is elected for a term of four years and cannot succeed himself, which tends to curtail political plotting. He is elected by popular vote, and is assisted by three Vice-Presidents and a Cabinet of five members. The law-making body consists of a single National Assembly containing twenty-eight members elected by the people. The present incumbent of the presidential chair is Dr. Belisario Porras, an able and progressive man.

Financially the little Republic is in good condition, its total governmental revenues for 1913 amounting to $5,300,000, with a budget of expense estimated at $3,840,000. It has no national debt and is not likely to contract one. Evidently we are to be free of monetary trouble concerning it, at least for some time to come. Agriculturally the soil of the Republic has hardly been scratched; its immense resources in fruits have only been developed in respect to the banana, the United Fruit Company having shipped from the Bocas del Toro district alone last year over 6,000,000 bunches of that fruit; it has capacity for the raising of beef cattle by the million, though it has at present probably not more than 100,000 within its limits. Plainly the Republic has a future if it can once get started, and there are signs that it is getting under way.

This is a very brief outline of the country in which we

have planted our gigantic enterprise, the Canal, the country we have contracted to protect and to insure a continuous peace.

At present the task is almost nothing; what the future may bring forth no man can tell. Our guardianship of the Republic is a mild one, but necessity might compel us to shut out intruders, safeguard the health of the Republic, or supervise its elections, though it is not the wish or intention of the people of the United States to annex Panama. At present we have all the fish we can fry; what may be the inclinations or desires of our children's children, however, we do not know. We hope it may not be conquest, only helpfulness and peace.

Having hurriedly sketched the country containing the Canal, we will return to the "Great Furrow" itself. It is worth looking at and justifies "tall talk."

The history of the Isthmus and the building of the Canal is a kind of wonder story, the story of a world-dream that continued through 400 years and finally came true. The early Spanish explorers had a vision of it. Balboa's first report to Spain, after he had climbed the forest-covered hills and discovered the Pacific, was accompanied by a recommendation that a canal be immediately dug across the Isthmus. Evidently Balboa, or rather Saavedra, his lieutenant, who

A STREET IN COLON.

made the suggestion, did not wholly appreciate how difficult the job would be. What the Spaniards had in view was a sea-level canal, and when one considers, for instance, the exacavation of Culebra Cut with the tools of Balboa's day, one sees that the explorer's recommendation was slightly premature. It is an interesting fact, however, that in Balboa's time the hydraulic lock system had been invented. The great locks of the Panama Canal are the same in principle as a lock produced four centuries ago by Leonardo da Vinci, the great Italian artist-engineer, for lifting vessels over elevations—a most important discovery, but the Spaniards seem not to have considered it. At any rate, they dismissed the canal project; some historians say because of the adverse influence of the Church. The wise Spanish bishops quoting Sacred Scripture, declared, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Then again, long-haired professors told the public that if a canal were digged across the Isthmus it would change the Gulf Stream and make an iceberg out of England! Their acumen was about on a par with that of a certain Western woman who, when told of the trouble and unsanitary conditions at first encountered on the Isthmus, said, "Well, if it was so hot and unhealthy, why on earth did they go away off down there to dig the Canal, anyhow!"

As was natural, almost immediately upon its discovery the Isthmus of Panama became an important trade route between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The principal modes of transit were mule trains, canoes and small boats part of the way, and often human backs. Out of this traffic grew the first European settlement on the mainland of America, the old city of Panama, founded in 1519. For over 150 years Panama remained the chief city on the Pacific Coast. The Europeans found it difficult to believe that there wasn't some natural waterway across the Isthmus. In fact, some of the early maps published in Europe showed an imaginary "Strait of Panama." Finally they got it through their heads that the barrier between the two oceans was a real one. After that the idea of cutting a way through never wholly died

Surveys were first made by the Spanish in 1581. They reported that the scheme was impossible. Then the idea simmered for over a century, when it took root in the mind of a famous Scotchman, William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. Paterson's project was to establish a settlement on the Isthmus, cut a canal, and through its control "hold the key to the commerce of the world." The great banker's idea is the one we should now develop, by making the Canal a port free of import and export custom duties, as I will later point out. Paterson's attempt failed; at that time the carrying out of so difficult and tremendous an engineering feat was impossible.

Again the Spanish surveyed the Isthmus for a canal. That was in 1771. The movement ended in smoke, and once more the idea simmered. Then in 1855 Americans opened a railroad across the Isthmus. The exploration and surveys for this railroad are said to have cost the life of a man for every tie.

Ferdinand de Lesseps, builder of the great Suez Canal, formed a company in Paris in 1877 to dig a shipway through the Panama Isthmus. Actual work was started in the next year. A red letter day on the calendar of the De Lesseps company was January 20, 1880, when, in the presence of a distinguished gathering, the engineers fired the first blast for tearing a way through Culebra Mountain. But after seven years, when the impossibility of building a sea-level canal within the estimated twelve years became apparent, De Lesseps quit the project. It was announced that the work could not be completed for the estimated cost of $240,000,000, for the very good reason that $300,000,000 had already been spent. The company went into bankruptcy. In 1894 a new French company started work again, but in five years' time little was accomplished, and finally operations ceased.

CHAPTER II.

BUILDING AND OPERATION.

EVERY one is so familiar with the story of how we obtained the Canal Zone and "made the dirt fly" that it is not necessary to go into extended detail here. In 1904 the rights and property of the French companies were taken over at an agreed price of $40,000,000, that being the extravagantly appraised value of the initial excavation work, the Panama Railroad, maps and data, buildings and machinery. Territorial rights came to the United States from a treaty with the new Republic of Panama, which came into being through a revolt from Colombia. Colombia had refused to grant us the rights necessary to insure our position in constructing the Canal. The treaty with Panama included the payment of $10,000,000 and an annuity of $250,000, to begin nine years after the treaty was signed. At the conclusion of negotiations the rival Nicaraguan Canal project was discarded and the United States was ready to begin digging, assured of the use and absolute control of a canal zone ten miles wide across the Isthmus, having an area of 286,720 acres, and jurisdiction over waters three miles from either side of the zone. By a new treaty recently signed between the United States and Panama, we are given sovereign rights in the waters of Colon and Ancon, the harbor towns at the ends of the Canal. This settles the last question as to complete American control of the waterway.

The decision that made Panama a high-level lock canal was not made by Congress until 1906. In the meantime yellow fever and malaria had caused alarming mortality, the same terrors which baffled the French having appeared in the workers' camps, and the problem of safeguarding health loomed up as greater than the one of engineering. Vigorous

sanitary measures were undertaken. Colonel William C. Gorgas began his remarkable work, and through his untiring efforts and those of his able assistants, the Canal Zone was made a safe place in which to work. Without these brave, skillful men of the medical department, the building of the Canal would not have been accomplished. The death rate in the Canal Zone is lower than in most American cities.

COLONEL WILLIAM C. GORGAS, THE MAN WHO MADE THE CANAL ZONE SANITARY.

In 1907 came the man who has really built the Canal. Colonel George W. Goethals of the United States army headed a commission which took the place of the first one, on which men had been appointed from civil life. Colonel Goethals and the new Commission have been united in action and unusually efficient. Colonel Goethals is now Governor of the Canal Zone.

When the Government steamship *Ancon* made her trip through the Canal August 15, 1914, officially opening the new ocean highway to traffic, many notable people were there. The most modest man was one holding an umbrella over his head and keeping as much in the background as possible. That was Colonel Goethals. His country has learned to appreciate his worth, quiet though he has been about the work and the trials he has had. The task in itself has been of a magnitude that is difficult to realize, and in addition there have been the influences of tropical conditions, of Government control and of uncertain labor markets to deal with. For the efficient Goethals and those under him there is all honor. The mistakes that have been charged have been dwarfed by the successes of the herculean undertaking, and in the history of

the Canal's construction, we are glad to state, there is not the smallest blot of proved corruption or graft, excepting in the company stores run by the Panama Railroad, which is owned by the United States Government.

At times as many as 45,000 men have been employed on the Canal. The average number has been 40,000. It should be kept in mind, too, that the work had to be carried on at a distance of two thousand miles from the base of supplies.

When the Canal was officially opened, a little more than

COLONEL GEORGE W. GOETHALS, CHIEF BUILDER OF THE CANAL.

THE FIRST BOAT, A GOVERNMENT LIGHTER, PASSING THROUGH MIRAFLORES LOCKS.

ten years after American work began on the Isthmus, over $400,000,000 had been expended by our Government. Much remained to be done, including dredging, the extent of which nobody could forecast, deepening of the channel for the largest ships, completion of fortifications and buildings, beautification and numerous other "final touches." It was originally estimated that it would cost $157,000,000 to build the Canal. After spending a good deal of time on the Isthmus three years ago, investigating and drawing conclusions to the best of my judgment, I made this estimate: "When the project is entirely finished, over $1,000,000,000 will have been invested by the United States and France." I have no reason to change my opinion now, when the total already is $740,000,000, adding the $400,000,000 we have spent to the $340,000,000 spent by the French, and adding interest on the money spent up to

date, it will be seen that the total rises already close to $1,000,000,000.

The original estimate on the cost of digging missed the mark so widely because the American engineers were unacquainted with the materials of which the whole country of the Canal Zone is made—lava ash. Before the major portion of

THE GREAT CUCARACHA SLIDE.

the excavating was done it was necessary to remove many million cubic yards of slide material upon which the engineers had never figured. They learned that in order to reduce the pressure so the water would hold the soil back they must materially increase the excavation, and even with the grade greatly reduced the slides came with disconcerting frequency.

When the Big Ditch was opened to traffic, Colonel Goethals

pointed out that the earth had not reached a state of equilibrium, and that probably it would be necessary to continue dredging for many months. It was hoped that these earth movements would not be so extensive as to interfere with navigation, though the channel at several points in Culebra Cut necessarily would be reduced considerably in width for a while. Just two months after the opening of the waterway, rains caused a serious landslide north of Gold Hill, where the earth reaches its greatest height on the Isthmus. Thousands of cubic yards of rock and dirt entered the channel,

BLOWING UP THE DIKE AT MIRAFLORES WITH 40,000 POUNDS OF DYNAMITE, BEGINNING THE INFLOW OF WATER CONNECTING THE TWO OCEANS.

completely blocking it for a distance of 1,000 feet. Ships passing through when the slide occurred were forced to wait until the great dredges could reopen the channel, an operation which consumed much valuable time.

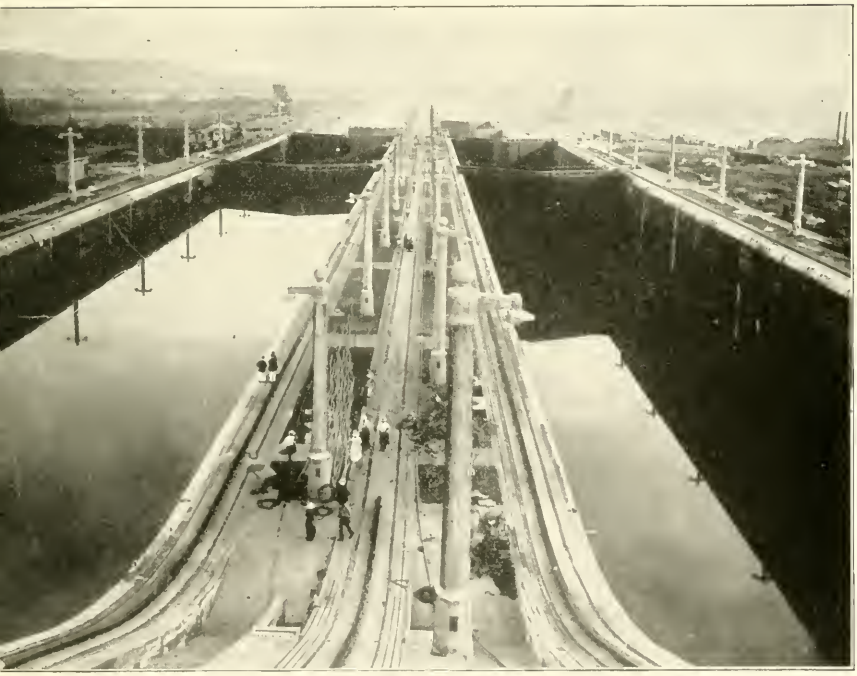
The total excavation in the Canal has been over 232,000,000 cubic yards, with Culebra Cut, nine miles long, the most

difficult and uncertain part of the work. Here over 30,000,000 cubic yards of material, lying outside the intended banks of the Canal, was swept down into the cut. The excavation in the cut represents about one-half of the digging done by Americans. Slides frequently put the railroad system out of commission. Often they wrecked dirt trains and steam shovels. The work of removing the *débris* at Culebra took up many months. Colonel Goethals did the best he could, however. As an illustration, in 1909 the cost of removing a cubic yard of slide material was around 78 cents for the whole cut. With the slides more troublesome in 1912 the cost was forced down to 55 cents. Fourteen per cent of the total excavation of 1913 was from slides. The Canal locks were ready ten months before Culebra was in shape. But for the slides, ships would have been going through that much earlier. And when the passage of ships became possible, dredges were still at work in the cut.

The length of the Canal from deep water to deep water is fifty miles, and from the two shore lines, forty miles. It takes ten hours to make the trip. (It requires only sixteen hours for ships to pass through the Suez Canal, eighty-six miles long, but there are no locks.) Vessels passing from the Atlantic to the Pacific successively go through the approach channel in Limon Bay, onward seven miles to the Gatun locks, where three locks lift them eighty-five feet to the level of Gatun Lake; thence through the lake to Bas Obispo and Culebra Cut; thence through the cut for nine miles to Pedro Miguel, where they are lowered thirty feet by lock to a small lake; thence one and a half miles to Miraflores, where two locks in series drop them to the Pacific level; passing out into the Pacific through a channel about eight and a half miles long. This channel has a bottom width of 500 feet. The channel in Culebra Cut has a minimum bottom width of 300 feet.

Gatun Lake was formerly the valley through which the turbulent Chagres River flowed into the sea. The problem of controlling the flood waters of the river was most difficult, for the heavy tropical rains come down the mountain sides

into the narrow valley with such force that the river has been known to rise more than twenty-five feet in twenty-four hours. To control the flood the great Gatun Dam was built, holding back the waters and forming Gatun Lake, which has risen to cover about 164 square miles. The spillway of Gatun Dam, made of concrete on a rock foundation, permits the flow of 154,000 cubic feet per second. The normal flow through this spillway operates the hydro-electric plant which supplies power and light for the operation of the Canal, there being enough power available for any probable demand for years to come. Nearly everything about the Canal is run by electricity, and recently the engineers have been considering substituting electric power for steam on the Panama Railroad. The entire length of the Canal is so well lighted that passage at night is practically as safe as during the day.



THE COMPLETED GATUN LOCKS, LOOKING NORTH TOWARD THE ATLANTIC ENTRANCE.

In passing through Gatun Lake, vessels get valuable service for which no additional charge is made. One of the most expensive items of salt-water navigation is the accumulation of barnacles on ships' bottoms, which in time become so numerous as to impede the progress of even a powerful steamship. For this reason ships have to go into dry dock and get scraped at regular intervals. Fresh water, however, is fatal to the barnacles. The vessels going through Gatun Lake are thus relieved of their troublesome burdens of marine mollusks.

The Gatun locks comprise the largest monolithic concrete structure ever built. Like the locks at the Pacific end, they are built in pairs, to reduce the danger of accident and increase efficiency. Five different lengths of chamber are provided by intermediate gates, so that there is no waste of water or time, such as would be the case were a 500-foot ship lifted in a 1,000-foot chamber. The weight of the largest Gatun lock

STEAMSHIP "ANCON" PASSING THROUGH GATUN LOCKS, JUNE 11, 1914.
THE FIRST LARGE SHIP TO PASS THROUGH.

THE STEAMSHIP "SANTA CLARA" ENTERING MIRAFLORES LOCKS UNDER TOW OF ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES, JUNE 19, 1914.

gate is 1,483,700 pounds, and it cost a little over four cents a pound. There are forty-six lock gates in the Canal, all made of steel plates, riveted to structural steel frames. Their total weight is 118,488,100 pounds. Vessels are raised or lowered in the locks at the rate of three feet a minute. All gates and valves are operated by electricity.

Vessels are not permitted to pass through the locks under their own power, but are towed by electric locomotives, four to a ship. These are among the most interesting features of the Canal, but one does not hear them called electric locomotives there. When I was a boy in Pennsylvania I used to like to follow the tow path of the canal until I met a canal boat, and got a chance to help drive the mules. It was nearly as much fun as riding the elephant on circus day. In my mind

the mule is identified with canals. So I was not surprised that everybody else, including the makers of the electric locomotives, as they watched these wonderful little engines at work, spoke of them familiarly as "the mules."

The "mules" cost $13,217 each, and there are three dozen of them. They run on tracks laid on the lock walls and have gear wheels operating on racks between the rails, to keep them from being pulled off the tracks by the towing strain. Should a towing line break, the ship can be prevented from colliding with the lock gates by chain fenders which extend a hundred feet ahead of each gate. Emergency dams can be swung into place in the event of any accident to the gates.

There are certain works which were in use in the final stages of the construction work of the Canal that can be cleared away. One of these is the pontoon bridge. The roadway of the Panama Railroad had to be shifted many times during the construction, but it was an important aid, and continues to be. The sight of a train crossing the pontoon bridge at Paraiso was novel.

At Colon, on the Atlantic, or rather at Cristobal, they were recently working on the big coaling station, building the reloading bridge. The station at Colon has a storage capacity of five hundred thousand tons of coal, and the station at Balboa, at the Pacific end, has a capacity of three hundred thousand tons. The Canal Commission will sell coal to any vessels wanting it, but there will always be a hundred thousand tons in reserve for the United States navy, ready for emergency.

I noted also the work being done on the wireless stations at Colon and Balboa. Wireless telegraphy has so many uses that the Government found it necessary to assert its right to control this means of communication. With the responsibilities that it has at Panama it could not afford that its equipment should be incomplete. The Canal stations are now in communication with the great tower near Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER III.

TOLLS AND A FREE PORT.

IT IS difficult to estimate what the traffic through the Canal is going to be in the future. The European nations having gone to war just when the big waterway was opened for their cargoes has upset all calculations. That the tolls would pay operating expenses seemed doubtful. However, though the European war had largely curtailed shipping activities, Colonel Goethals reported as this book was sent to press, that the Canal traffic was exceeding expectations, indicating that within a year the tolls might pay operating expenses, but, of course, no interest on the enormous investment.

In accordance with the Canal Act of August 24, 1912, the following rates of tolls are to be paid by vessels passing through the Canal:

1. On merchant vessels carrying passengers or cargo, $1.20 per net vessel ton—each 100 cubic feet—of actual earning capacity.

2. On vessels in ballast, without passengers or cargo, 40 per cent less than the rate of tolls for vessels with passengers or cargo.

3. Upon naval vessels, other than transports, colliers, hospital ships and supply ships, 50 cents per displacement ton.

4. Upon army and navy transports, colliers, hospital ships and supply ships, $1.20 per net ton, the vessels to be measured by the same rules as are employed in determining the net tonnage of merchant vessels.

For a fair-sized freight vessel, it is estimated, the tolls amount to about $5,000. This is, of course, only a nominal charge, considering that ships save a 10,000-mile voyage around South America, but it is probably all the traffic will stand. Operating expenses of the Canal are estimated at about

$4,000,000 a year. The interest on the huge investment, however, is $20,000,000 a year, indicating a continuous fixed charge of nearly $25,000,000 per year, which in time will bring the American cost of the Canal to my estimate of $1,000,000,000.

The Canal rules require tolls to be paid in cash, except that in the case of steamship companies having boats frequently using the Canal they may be paid by check or draft, if prompt payment of same has been assured by depositing with the Canal authorities at least $15,000 worth of acceptable bonds.

Upon my last visit I found that the Canal Zone had changed materially since I first saw it. Then it was filled with clusters of buildings, created by the Canal Commission, in which to house the workers and officers. And there were the native villages and the natives themselves. Some of these villages were along the route of the waterway, and as the construction progressed they were drowned out, or would have been, had not the Canal Commission moved them away. It is the idea of Colonel Goethals, the chief builder of the Canal and present Governor, that the Zone should be denuded of human habitations. That is naturally the military idea, but the Canal is for commerce. So on either side of the Canal I found only tropical jungles and wilderness. Many people have argued that the Zone lands ought to be settled upon and cultivated by Americans. This will be done some day. Colonel Goethals is firmly of the opinion that this priceless piece of work can better be defended by leaving the obstructing jungle on either hand. Knowing what that jungle is, I agree with him that it would beat barbed wire entanglements in keeping a foe at a distance, but this is a peace Canal.

One of the new sights to me was the fortifications in the Bay of Panama. The fortifications are upon the islands of Perico, Naos, and Flamenco, which were ceded to the United States as part of the Canal Zone. The islands occupy a position in the Pacific commanding the western approach to the Canal. Some of the largest guns and mortars ever constructed are already being placed in position upon these

islands. At Balboa, on the mainland, another set of fortifications will be established, while on the Atlantic side there will be forts on Margarita Point, north of Colon, another on Toro Point, across the bay from Colon, and one on the mainland at Colon. In the neighborhood of the canal locks at Gatun, Miraflores, and Pedro Miguel, there will be con-

VIEW IN THE JUNGLE OF THE PANAMA REPUBLIC.

structed strong field defenses to provide against possible attacks by landing forces. In these fortifications strong sections of the United States army are to be maintained. Of course, detailed description or photographs of these fortifications are not permitted by the Government, which is right. However, we may rest assured that big things are being done, since about $4,000,000 has already been expended on the project, Congress having appropriated over $10,000,000 for these prime defensive works.

But to revert to the Canal. I do not want to offend my South American friends by calling any of their countries a part of our own chain of United States colonies; they are not; but in watching the first freight vessels go through the Canal, and in talking of prospective cargoes, it occurred to me that these West Coast countries might, in point of *results*, be considered our commercial colonies, or, if they prefer to put it the other way, they might call us their commercial colony. The Canal traffic, at any rate, is going to bring us closer together.

I heard, while at the Canal, that the port of Guayaquil, Ecuador, at last is going to sanitate itself so as to get some of the benefits of the Big Ditch, and to insure the better marketing of its cacao, rubber, coffee, hides, ivory nuts, and Panama hats, in the United States. Peru is also considering making Callao a port capable of taking care of big vessels that could bring out her cargoes of copper, wool and sugar. Chile, since my visit to that country, has made a good deal of headway with the port of Valparaiso and has also improved some of her other ports. Chilean nitrates were among the first cargoes that went through the Canal, and these are being followed by copper from the great Guggenheim mines, and by other products. This is only the beginning of a vast volume of commerce flowing between South America and the United States. Especially must this come true since the European war opens the way for augmented trade between our nation and the republics to the south of us.

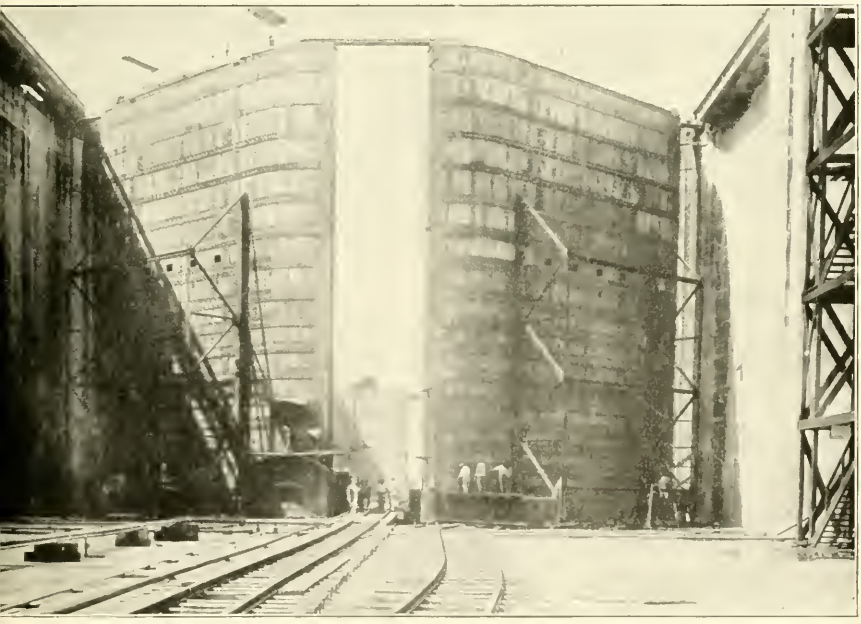
In order to stimulate this trade, and make our huge Canal investment profitable to us, I am confidently putting forward

a plan to make the Canal Zone a *free port,* and, through the influence of this fact, to create a world-wide city at the Canal for the exchange free of duty of our commodities with the South American republics and other nations.

I here quote from an address which I made a year ago before the Southern Commercial Congress at Mobile, Alabama, and which was published afterward by the United States Senate as *Senate Document 333:*

"The definition of a *free port* is: 'A harbor where the ships of all nations may enter on paying a moderate toll and load and unload. The free ports constitute great depôts where goods are stored without paying duty; these goods may be reshipped free of duty. The intention of having free ports is to stimulate and facilitate exchange and trade.'

"There is no reason why the Canal Zone cannot be made into a city of 500,000 people in twenty years and produce sufficient income from dockage, tolls, taxes, rents, leases, etc.,



UPPER GATES OF GATUN LOCKS, PARTLY OPEN. TAKEN BEFORE WATER WAS LET INTO LOCKS.

to pay the interest on at least the original capital invested by the United States. We have 286,720 acres inside the Canal Zone. Already many millions of dollars have been spent to make the Zone sanitary and a desirable place to live in the year round. Nearly all of this will be a complete loss unless we build a great city there. The Panama Railroad, for which we paid millions and spent millions more to move and rebuild, will be a 'white elephant' on our hands, on the basis of investment, unless we build a big city at that point.

"Through the stimulus arising from making the Canal Zone a *free port*, a great commercial city can be built along the whole Canal from one end to the other with docks everywhere. This city would become a great commercial clearing house not only for the merchants and manufacturers of North, Central and South America, but for the whole world. Trade in every republic on the American Continent is necessarily more or less restricted by a protective tariff, therefore, we need one spot, at least, for free exchange. It it just as necessary as a clearing house for the great banks in our big cities.

"Remember, the entire Canal is a land-locked, fresh-water harbor, berthing the largest vessels in the world, where barnacles can be scraped off the bottoms of ships—an advantage possessed by only one other great inland port city in the world. The building of a big metropolis on the Canal Zone is no experiment, no wild theory. It has been successfully worked out and proved by Germany and England and a number of smaller countries.

"The only way to create a big city at the central point between North and South America, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the Far East and the Far West, is to make the Canal Zone a *free city* and *free port*. By this I mean *free* from *import* or *export duties* into and out from the Canal Zone. This will not affect the primary question of tolls for passing through the Canal. If created a free port and protected through international treaty, so it could not be affected by changes in our administration or home policies, merchants and manufacturers from all over the world would build factories

and warehouses and establish branches and agencies at this World Center for quick distribution, delivery and sale. Many South Americans would establish agencies and branches there to reach the world's commerce. In fact, it would become an immense World's Department Store where everything for the use of the people of all nations could be found. It would

PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS AT NIGHT, SHOWING ELECTRICAL ILLUMINATION OF THE CANAL.

become the greatest transshipping port in the world, especially as many boats suitable for the Pacific Ocean are not seaworthy or insurable on the Atlantic Ocean.

"As lawyers put it: 'What you have been saying is *testimony*—give us *evidence* of what a *free port* or *city* will do toward creating a metropolis of half a million in a few years.' Here is the evidence: Hamburg, Germany; Copenhagen, Denmark; Gibraltar; Hong Kong (formerly Chinese, now British); Singapore; Punta Arenas, Chile; Aden, on the Red Sea, and the Island of St. Thomas, near Porto Rico.

"After Great Britain had taken Gibraltar from Spain, and that country would not deal with Gibraltar, the Sultan of Morocco forced the British Government, in 1705, to make a free port of Gibraltar by refusing to supply the food necessary to maintain the fortress, unless all import and export duty was taken off. The law of necessity caused the most powerful Government in the world, more than two hundred years ago, to establish the first free zone on a little rock pile three miles long by one-half mile wide, controlling the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. Here is Lesson No. 1, that should not be overlooked. Today there is a population of 27,000 at Gibraltar and over 4,000,000 ship tonnage is cleared yearly. As there is no duty, only a tax on tobacco and liquors, there are no statistics on the annual business.

"Hamburg, Germany (before the 1914 war), was a notable example of the benefits of free exchange. Hamburg, through this wise policy, became the greatest port in Europe. In 1888, 2,500 acres of the harbor of this inland city were set apart as a free harbor, where ships could unload and load without custom duties. A gigantic system of docks, basins and quays was constructed at an initial cost of $35,000,000, which at present-day cost would be double. A portion of the old town containing 24,000 people was cleared to make room for this great project. After that Hamburg grew enormously, reaching the third position as a port in the world, with over 1,000,000 population, being the second largest city in Germany. Without question the free zone of the harbor had a great influence on the expansion of Hamburg as a port.

"Copenhagen is the most important commercial town of Denmark. The trading facilities were greatly augmented in 1894 by making a portion of the harbor a free port. It has had a marked effect on the trade of Copenhagen and Denmark.

"Hong Kong Island and City is a British possession acquired from China in 1841. Hong Kong is a free port and has no customhouse, and its commercial activities are chiefly distributive for a large portion of the Far East, much as the Panama Canal Zone would become if made a free port. The

only commodity that pays a duty at Hong Kong is opium. Owing to the fact that it is a free port, official figures on its trade cannot be had, as in the case of ports that collect custom duties, but since it was made a free port the population has increased from a few thousand to 456,739. From this port there is an immense exchange of commodities between Great Britain and her colonies, the ports of China, Japan and the United States. This fact, investigation shows, is largely due to the advantages arising from the fact that the port of Hong Kong is free from custom duties to all nations.

"Singapore is another good example. It is the capital of the British Straits Settlements, and lies about midway between Hong Kong and Calcutta, India, and close to the Malay Archipelago. It is less than 100 miles north of the equator, or 500 miles farther south than the Panama Canal Zone. It has good advantages of position, but above all, the policy of absolute free trade has made Singapore the center of a transshipping trade that is surpassed in the Orient only by Hong Kong and one or two of the great Chinese ports. The continuously rapid growth of Singapore and the Straits Settlements, of which it is the capital, has fully demonstrated the wisdom of this policy. In 1819 when the region was ceded to Great Britain that portion of the country had almost no business or population. At present Singapore's *free* exports and imports exceed $500,000,000 annually, or about one-seventh of the total imports and exports of the whole United States. There are no custom duties except on opium. The population is about 275,000. Neither Hong Kong nor Singapore is as well situated for international trade or enjoys as good and healthful climate as the Panama Canal Zone.

"Port Saïd is another case in point. The building of the Suez Canal created the city of Port Saïd on a sandpile at the entrance to the Canal from the Mediterranean Sea, with fresh water 125 miles away. It is about the "livest wire" of any city in the world—at least, that I have ever visited. It has over 100,000 population, and except for an Egyptian duty on

many articles would be a great trading center for others than tourists.

"Aden, situated on a strip of British territory in Arabia, on the Red Sea, where nothing grows and fresh water must be brought a long distance, has 50,000 population on account of its being a free port and city.

"Punta Arenas, Chile, on the Straits of Magellan, the farthest south of any city in the world, is a free port and city, and has a population of 15,000. I was surprised at its importance and its fine stone buildings and good streets. The only local support of Punta Arenas is wool and sheep, mostly from the old Patagonia country of Argentina and the island of Tierra del Fuego. Its importance arises chiefly from its being a free port, permitting a Chilean city to trade duty free with Argentina.

"The free exchange of commodities, on account of there being no duty, import or export, put the island of St. Thomas, near Porto Rico, belonging to Denmark, on the map. It is a good example of what no export or import duty will do for a poor, out-of-the-way island. Nearly every excursion to the West Indies docks there to trade. Its one port carries the largest stock and does the greatest Panama hat trade in the world. Many vessels coal there. It has a great trade with all the West India Islands.

"England has tried out the free port and free city idea thoroughly and this is what the *Encyclopedia Britannica* says: 'In countries where custom duties are levied, if an extension of foreign trade is desired, special facilities must be granted for this purpose. In view of this a free zone sufficiently large for commercial purposes must be set aside. English colonial free ports, such as Hong Kong and Singapore, do not interfere with the regular home customs of India and China. These two free harbors have become great shipping ports and distributing centers. The policy which led to their establishment as free ports has greatly promoted British commercial interests.'"

I was fully convinced after visiting Singapore and Hong

Kong during the past year, that we should make the splendid port of Manila a free port and city, or we can never expect to secure, develop and hold our share of the trade of the Orient. Secretary of State Bryan stated to me that he strongly favored this policy in the development of our colonies, and the Panama Canal Zone is our most important colony.

This question is a paramount one in the development of our commercial relationship with South America and other countries; besides, it will make the Panama Canal pay. If we do not act soon some other country owning one of the West India Islands, well located to trade with ships passing through the Canal, will take advantage of the situation. Already the Panama Republic intends to benefit from our investments in the Canal by creating a free city bordering on the Canal Zone. We should not stop short with the completion of the Canal, but continue the great enterprise to a more notable, as well as profitable, conclusion, by extending our commerce and trade, not only with South America, but with the entire world. I sincerely hope it may never be necessary to use the big Canal to pass our navy quickly from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and *vice versa*, in times of war. But if the necessity arises, without question we will find it "mighty handy."

The Panama Canal is the greatest industrial undertaking ever attempted and successfully carried to completion by any nation of the world, and we should all feel proud of our country, and that we are citizens of the United States of North America.

ILLUSTRATED SOUTH AMERICA

By

W. D. BOYCE

The "copy" for this book was originally printed in the **"Chicago Saturday Blade," one of our four papers,** as Travel Articles, by Mr. Boyce, on South America. Owing to requests from many people that it be printed in book form, it was issued by the oldest and best known publishers of historical books and maps in Chicago, Rand, McNally & Co., and in less than two years has reached its third edition. Price, $2.50. For sale by all book dealers, or Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

PRESS COMMENTS.

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